

THE
JUBILEE
OF ZETA PSI





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1897

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THE JUBILEE OF THE
ZETA PSI FRATERNITY

THE JUBILEE
OF THE
ZETA PSI FRATERNITY
OF NORTH AMERICA

1847-1897

BEING A RECORD OF *THE*
BANQUET OF THE FRATERNITY IN
COMMEMORATION OF HER *FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY*,
DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, APRIL TWENTY-FOURTH, MDCCCXCVII;
AND OF *THE DINNER* WHICH USHERED IN THAT BANQUET, THE ST. DENIS,
NEW YORK, APRIL TWENTY-THIRD, MDCCCXCVII;
TO WHICH ARE APPENDED SOME OF *THE*
LOVE POEMS WHICH ZETA
PSI HAS INSPIRED

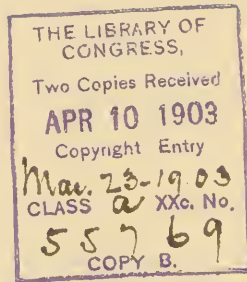
PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, PHI, '67

CHAIRMAN OF THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

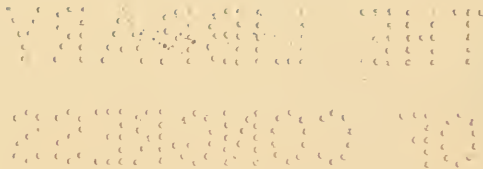
EDITED BY
WILLIAM H. McELROY, THETA, '60



NEW YORK
MCMIII



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INTRODUCTION

Ever since the Semi-Centennial of Zeta Psi was celebrated, in 1897, there has been a loud call, which has steadily grown louder, for a book made up of the "exercises" of that most notable occasion in the history of our beloved Fraternity. This publication has been prepared in response to that very natural demand. It contains a full report of the speeches, poems, songs and the other festivities which were inspired by the Semi-Centennial. Our orators, poets, and song-writers loyally met the best expectations of their brethren at the great jubilee banquet and the great jubilee dinner which preceded it, so that the pages which follow combine to make a veritable "intellectual treat," which cannot but make an irresistible appeal to all appreciative Zetes. It is not an exaggeration to affirm that the banquet and the dinner were indeed the most brilliant and variously interesting functions that the Fraternity has ever enjoyed.

The second part of the volume fittingly supplements the first. It consists of the best and brightest of the poems which have been written in honor of Zeta Psi. Her praises have been sung by her devoted bards ever since she was born, and the selections here gathered are in many keys and from the representatives of many Chapters.

"The Jubilee of the Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America," as thus constituted, is submitted to the members of the Fraternity with the confident belief that, for the reasons set forth, they will give it a hearty welcome.

W. H. McElroy

A SKETCH OF THE JUBILEE

1847-1897

The Semi-Centennial of the Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America was celebrated in New York on Friday and Saturday, April 23 and 24, 1897, in response to this invitation:

1847.

1897.

*The Grand Chapter
of the
Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America,
sends greeting.*

*You are cordially invited to attend
the celebration of the
Semi-Centennial,
of the founding of the Fraternity,
to be held in
connection with the Annual Convention,
under the auspices of the
Semi-Centennial Committee,
in New York.*

Friday and Saturday, April 23d and 24th, 1897.

F. Le Roy Satterlee, Phi Alpha. Thomas Ives Chatfield, Sigma Alpha.

Grand Officers

Phi Alpha F. LE ROY SATTERLEE

Alpha Phi Alpha GEORGE VASSAR, JR.

Sigma Alpha THOMAS I. CHATFIELD

Alpha Sigma Alpha WALTER A. WEED

Gamma Alpha ALBERT BUCHMAN

Sigma Rho Alpha FRANK W. PINE

Delta Alpha ISRAEL C. PIERSON

EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD, *Chairman of the General Committee*

Semi-Centennial Executive Committee

ISRAEL C. PIERSON

NATHANIEL S. SMITH

FREDERICK BONNER

EDWARD H. LITCHFIELD

RUFORD FRANKLIN

Committee of Patriarchs

WILLIAM PLATT PEPPER

JOHN HOWARD FORD

ANDREW KIRKPATRICK

FRED RAYMOND DRAKE

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

WYATT G. JOHNSTON

WILLIAM E. BURRITT

FRANCIS LAWTON

ALBERT BUCHMAN

JOHN A. MILLER

ISRAEL C. PIERSON

FRANCIS S. KEESE

RUFORD FRANKLIN

JOHN MCCLINTOCK

THE Semi-Centennial Convention of the Grand Chapter was held at the Imperial Hotel, New York, April 23 and 24, 1897. It was called to order by F. Le Roy Satterlee, Phi, '65, Phi Alpha. The following grand officers were present:

F. Le Roy Satterlee (Phi), Phi Alpha.
George Vassar, Jr. (Alpha), Alpha Phi Alpha.
Thomas I. Chatfield (Eta), Sigma Gamma.
Walter A. Weed, Jr. (Zeta), Alpha Sigma Alpha.
Albert Buchman (Psi), Gamma Alpha.
Israel C. Pierson (Phi), Delta Alpha.
Frank W. Pine (Xi), Sigma Rho Alpha.

Here follows the roll of attendance so far as known:

Phi Chapter, New York University.—Geo. S. Woodhull, F. Le Roy Satterlee, Israel C. Pierson, A. B. Carleton, W. H. Carter, James Boyd, J. Fred Dripps, John W. Bennett, Arthur B. Waring, Freeman Woodbridge, Patriarchs; Clarence Andrews, John R. Beam, Julius A. Becker, Frank J. Belcher, Alonzo Blauvelt, C. De W. Bridgman, John A. Cosmos, David R. Daly, E. I. Edwards, Wm. D. Edwards, John R. Evans, Norton D. L. Fletcher, C. F. Foster, Moody B. Gates, V. Clyde Gates, Arthur T. Gorton, Edmund W. Greacen, Walter J. Greacen, H. C. Griffiths, Jacob Halstead, Nathaniel R. Hart, Clifford M. Hopwood, Chas. H. Kelby, I. Henry Kirby, Chas. F. Lent, S. G. Lindeman, Edward H. Litchfield, Walter D. Ludlum, Armitage Mathews, Thos. K.

McClelland, Jr., A. M. McLaurie, Frank D. Mersereau, Chas. M. Myers, Geo. S. Mott, Randolph Parmly, Harry N. Pfeiffer, Leon C. Prince, John Reid, Jr., Thos. H. Russell, Joseph C. Roper, P. L. Schenck, Edward P. Sprague, Stuart A. Stephenson, Jr., B. H. Stern, Harold M. Valentine, Charles H. Vanderbilt, J. M. Van Vleck, Franklin A. Wilcox.

Zeta Chapter, Williams College.—Ezra J. Peck, Walter A. Weed, Jr., Chas. W. Wood, Patriarchs; Almon C. Barrell, Geo. B. Barrell, Laurance F. Bower, A. Dudley Britton, Guy L. Connor, Ray Connor, Roswell D. Cooper, Alex. Davidson, Floyd E. DeGroat, Wm. B. Frear, Fred. Geller, Myron W. Greene, Wm. E. Greene, Arthur F. Hebard, Chas. F. Hepburn, Wolcott J. Humphrey, Henry K. Hyde, Ralph S. Keep, Fred B. Newman, Fancher Nicoll, Geo. M. Peck, Wm. Ropes, A. T. Safford, Geo. D. Sears, Carlton G. Smith, P. Van A. Smith, Dering J. Sprague, Dana L. Spring, Wm. M. Stone, E. Kent Swift, Harry S. Templeton, Allen S. Titus, Herbert B. Vail, J. S. Wheeler, Chas. C. Whitney, V. W. Wickes.

Delta Chapter, Rutgers College.—Judson H. Hopkins, Francis S. Keese, John A. Miller, Henry W. Bookstaver, Patriarchs; W. Ryall Burtis, A. H. Brush, H. G. Cooke, Albert H. Darnell, Alfred Drury, Francis K. W. Drury, John L. Duryee, Joseph R. Duryee, Gerard Hallock, John Hess, J. K. Howard, Geo. E. Jackson, Charles J. Negus, J. Manning Roberts, Abel I. Smith, Selah W. Strong, J. Ford Sutton, G. S. Van Pelt, Havelock Walser, H. M. Waldron, H. V. D. Waldron.

Sigma Chapter, University of Pennsylvania.—Wm. Platt Pepper, Jos. H. Burroughs, Chas. T. Cowperthwait, Patriarchs; Howard Butcher, Jr., Crawford Coates, Edward C. Dale, Albert P. Gerhard, Corbit Lovering, Carl N. Martin, Arthur Newlin, Wm. Pepper, Jr., Thos. Rob-

erts, Jr., Chas. E. Ronaldson, J. Somers Smith, Jr., J. Walter Steel, A. B. Van der Wielen, W. Sydney Young, C. L. Borie, A. B. Kelley.

Chi Chapter, Colby College.—Nelson Dingley, Jr., Patriarch; Robert B. Austin, Roy M. Barker, F. B. Bradeen, J. C. Irish, Everett R. Josselyn.

Epsilon Chapter, Brown University.—Livingston Satterlee, Francis Lawton, Marshall S. Brown, Patriarchs; Maurice H. Cook, Weldon A. Duley, George L. Drowne, F. L. C. Keating.

Rho Chapter, Harvard University.—G. Ludovic Bennett, Henry Walker, Patriarchs; Samuel C. Lawrence, Nathaniel S. Smith.

Kappa Chapter, Tufts College.—L. G. Blanchard, E. K. Carpenter, E. C. Craig, A. L. Cutler, Chas. H. Eaton, Austin B. Fletcher, Walter M. Friend, Benj. A. Hathaway, Geo. B. Hill, H. W. Holbrook, Forster H. Smith, Hermon J. Smith, H. Austin Tuttle, Shelley D. Vincent.

Theta Chapter, Union University.—Wm. H. McElroy, Patriarch; John A. Barnes, Chas. M. Earle.

Tau Chapter, Lafayette College.—Fred Raymond Drake, John Eyerman, Patriarchs; J. Brentano Clemens, Maurice Clemens, A. Harding Colton, William R. Colton, J. Clifton Edgar, Louis M. Heminway, Rush N. Harry, David A. McBride, Theodorus McLeod, Herbert L. Smith.

Upsilon Chapter, University of North Carolina.—Augustus Van Wyck, Sol. C. Weill, Patriarchs; Julian S. Carr, W. W. Fuller, Albert Rosenthal.

Xi Chapter, Michigan University.—Frank W. Pine, Patriarch; Wm. A. Comstock, Sam H. DuShane, Pomeroy Ladue, Lawrence A. McClouth, L. K. Merrill, Harry A. Newkirk, Henry R. Seager, George C. Stone.

Pi Chapter, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.—John T. Halliday, Edward C. Justh.

Eta Chapter, Pennsylvania College.—Robert S. J. Fisher.

Omega Chapter, Chicago University.—Henry T. Thomas, Patriarch; Heman R. Powers.

Lambda Chapter.—Parker P. Simmons, Patriarch; G. H. D. Foster, Horace E. Henderson, John M. Phelan, H. B. Neagle, R. S. Randall.

Beta Chapter, University of Virginia.—R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Patriarch; W. W. Fuller.

Psi Chapter, Cornell University.—Chas. B. Everson, J. Howard Ford, Albert Buchman, Patriarchs; R. V. Alexander, Fred. I. Clark, Alfred H. Cowles, Edward W. Donn, Jr., Wm. H. Flippen, J. H. W. Hawkins, F. V. D. Longacre, De Smet Maguire, J. Alexis Shriver, Albert Stamford, C. F. Whittemore, Chas. W. Wickham.

Gamma Chapter, Syracuse University.—Benjamin J. Shove.

Theta Xi Chapter, University of Toronto.—Wm. E. Burritt, Patriarch; W. H. Bunting, Alfred C. Dobell, G. Selwyn Holmested, A. L. McAllister.

Alpha Chapter, Columbia University.—Walter G. Eliot, Ruford Franklin, McDougall Hawkes, John McClintock, George Vassar, Jr., Patriarchs; D. H. Bates, Jr., A. Chester Beatty, Walter N. Clapp, Melvin H. Dalberg, John B. Johnson, Chas. H. Ketcham, Wm. C. Meissner, Chas. Moran, James Purdon, Edmond E. Robert, Francis F. Spies, Clarence Storm, August Zinsser, Jr., Hans W. Zinsser.

Alpha Psi, McGill University.—Geo. A. Brown, Kenneth Cameron, Arthur F. Edwards, Wm. R. Ferguson, J. Claud Hickson, Thomas F. Nivin, John Primrose.

Nu Chapter, Case School of Applied Science.—Daniel R. Warmington, Patriarch; Chas. E. Curtiss, F. H. Neff, N. K. Putnam, Sherman W. Scofield.

Eta Chapter, Yale University.—Thomas I. Chatfield, Patriarch; Henry C. Allen, Samuel F. Beardsley, Carle J. Blenner, Murray Boocock, G. E. Bulkley, Mortimer S. Comstock, Wm. G. Cooke, Frederick Coonley, W. T. Cowdrey, Ferdinand S. Crosley, Albert S. Davis, Arthur G. Dickson, Edward J. Garvan, Francis P. Garvan, Wm. S. Gaylord, C. F. Gehrmann, Robt. H. Gould, Bert Hanson, Wm. S. Hubbell, Edward N. Loomis, F. Sherwood Male, Theo. D. McDonald, Edward Norris, Louis B. Runk, F. H. Shall, Harry Sillcocks, Charles A. Smith, Victor Sutro, Wm. S. Terriberry, Geo. B. Taylor, C. E. Thomas, James W. Thompson, Ralph Tousey, H. A. Truslow, E. Reed Whittemore, John S. Woodruff, W. S. Woodhull, Ezra H. Young.

Mu Chapter, Leland Stanford Jr. University.—Charles K. Field, Samuel E. Simmons.

The business sessions were held at the Hotel Imperial on the mornings and the afternoons of Friday and Saturday.

A complimentary dinner was given by the General Committee at Hotel St. Denis on Friday evening, April 23, 1897. The Semi-Centennial banquet occurred at Delmonico's on Saturday evening, April 24, 1897.

THE DINNER

[ST. DENIS HOTEL, NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1897.]

*They sang of love and not of fame,
Joy danced in every eye,
They fond recalled each Chapter's name,
But all sang Zeta Psi!*
With apologies to Bayard Taylor.

THE DINNER

BROTHER FRANCIS LAWTON, Epsilon, '69, presided.

The blessing was asked by the Rev. Dr. William H. Carter, Phi, '50.

CHAIRMAN LAWTON'S SALUTATORY

BROTHERS: There are men here to-night whose membership in the Fraternity dates back to its earliest days. Many of the youngest of you have never met them, though their names are familiar to you all. The first thing we shall do is to introduce them to you: I have the pleasure of presenting Brother William H. Carter, of the parent Chapter, the Phi, class of '50, who was initiated into Zeta Psi before any other man now living; Brother George S. Woodhull, Phi, '48, who was graduated at the end of the first year of the Fraternity's existence; Brothers George S. Mott and Professor John Monroe Van Vleck, both of Brother Carter's class; I also have the pleasure of introducing to you (you may think this unnecessary, but I am going right down the table) our Phi Alpha, Brother F. Le Roy Satterlee, Phi, '65.

In addition to those mentioned, the following Brothers were also formally introduced: John Hess, Delta, '50; Ezra J. Peck, Zeta, '51; H. G. Cooke, Delta, '53; William

W. Richards, Rho, '55; G. S. Van Pelt, Delta, '56; William Platt Pepper, Sigma, '57; Hermon Joseph Smith, Kappa, '58; P. L. Schenck, Phi, '62; F. M. Todd, Tau, '63; Edward H. Litchfield, Phi, '67.

The presentation of each one of these Brothers elicited hearty applause.

THE CHAIRMAN'S WELCOME

Now, Brothers, it becomes my duty and pleasure to bid you welcome in the name of Zeta Psi. And I am moved to remark in Latin, although it is old-fashioned Latin, and I do not suppose you can understand it: "*Ecce quam bonum quamque jucundum habitare fratres in unum.*" (A voice: "Say it in English.") This may be translated: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." This is an occasion which will be historic in the Fraternity. It is undoubtedly the largest gathering of Zeta Psis that has ever taken place. The oldest member of the Fraternity is here. I don't know about the youngest one, but I venture to say that he is here if he could extract the necessary car-fare out of the old man. (At this point a very young Brother was lifted on to a table, amid applause.) The Phi Chapter is represented, the parent of us all, and the Mu Chapter, the baby of the family, is also here—you heard its cry only a moment ago. Canada is here, and North Carolina; Maine is here, and California. From North, and South, and East, and West, the boys, young and old, have come to hail the fiftieth anniversary of Zeta Psi.

At such a time as this it is natural that we should think, if only for a moment, of the founders of our Fraternity. Since those three youths, in the old New York University

on Washington Square, not two thousand feet from where we sit, started their little Society fifty long years have gone, and they have gone with them. Their hopes and fears and work are ended. The University building itself, where they met and lived, has disappeared. But the Society that they founded lives, and it is under the white flag, the simple banner of that little Society, that this great assemblage meets to-night. It is the hand-grasp that those three gave one another that will bind us into a living chain before we leave this hall, and it is the principles of Tau Kappi Phi, to which they swore allegiance, which unite us just as they united that little body fifty years ago.

And why has the Society lived? It is because it was founded upon principles which are permanent in the hearts and minds of men—upon the principles of friendship and honor. Friendship, which in ingenuous youth leaps from heart to heart like fire, and when once it burns within the breast of the generous and the noble, expires only with life itself! And Honor, which, as Cicero told us two thousand years ago, is the food and life of friendship! There are Brothers with us to-night who saw the beginnings of this Fraternity. There is no man here who believes that he will see the end of it. It will live because its principles are eternal, and while the Society remains, the memory of the founders will not die. Their memory is enshrined in Zeta Psi.

All present then joined in singing "*He's a jolly good fellow.*"

THE CHAIRMAN: I hold in my hand the Zeta Psi Song-Book. You know to whom we are indebted for it, and the first song we shall sing is the song on page 11, entitled, "*Greeting*," by Brother Israel C. Pierson. I only regret that there is not a song in here by Brother Thomas I.

Chatfield, so that we could sing that after Pierson's. Will Brother Valentine favor us with "*Greeting*," and will you be kind enough to allow it to be sung solo and join in the chorus, so that we can get the beauty of the words?—Brother Harold M. Valentine, Phi, '99.

The song was sung, and received with enthusiastic cheers.

GREETING

AIR—"*My Comrades, when I'm no more drinking*"

We come, each other warmly greeting,
In love fraternal, strong and true,
Here at this shrine in ardor meeting,
Our vows of friendship to renew.

The banner, snowy white, floats o'er us,
Dear emblem of our Zeta Psi,
The bond more closely still unites us,
Our talisman, Tau Kappa Phi.

Here Zeta Psi gives consolation,
If grief or sorrow cloud the way,
With cheering words, high inspiration
To joyful hope for future day.

Be this our guide till life is ended,
The spirit of Tau Kappa Phi:
In brother love and honor blended
Our loyalty shall never die.

ISRAEL C. PIERSON, Phi, '65.

THE CHAIRMAN: Brothers, I am going to have the pleasure of introducing to you Brother William H. Carter, Archdeacon of the Middle Diocese of Florida, our oldest initiate, the father of the family. (Applause and cheers.) You are pretty well posted about him; it is not necessary for me to say any more. Brother Carter will address you.

SPEECH OF THE REV.

W. H. CARTER, D.D., PH.D., LL.D., PHI, '50

I AM embarrassed by so many Brothers, and I propose, therefore, to leave speech-making to those who are more accustomed to public speaking, and I will rather give you a few reminiscences of the early days of the Zeta Psi, because I presume you are more interested in that. It is not my fault that the memory is not clearer. I have had the habit, good or bad, as you please, of keeping some sort of a diary of my life, and my college days were no exception. And so I had on record a good many things that would interest you; but unfortunately, when I went West in 1859, the lady who had the supervision of the culinary department in my house (I don't mean my wife) took what she considered trash, including all my college notes, most of my seminary notes, and my useless diary, and consumed them in a fire that she thought was the most suitable place for them. My only consolation is that among the rest there was a package of gunpowder, and so she received a good fright, besides a double blowing up.

It was not long after I entered college—within six weeks—that Jack Sommers approached me upon the subject of becoming a Zete. Why he should have fixed upon me is one of those mysteries which still remain to be solved.

But at all events I was initiated in 1847, and I have the honor to come next to Jack Sommers literally, because the two who had been initiated when I joined each became a member of some other secret society, and so I think they are hardly to be counted with those who were a part of the beginning of this organization. (Voices: "Right!") I remember very well where the first meetings were held. I think the building is still standing. It is in Division Street, or was, and there was a bar-room below. There was a special flight of stairs leading up to the room. Still, for some strange reason, most of the members preferred to go up through the bar-room. We ought to have met every week. We failed to—not because we didn't want to meet, but because the Fraternity did not always have the fifty cents to pay for the rent, and the landlord had n't confidence enough in us to trust us. Immediately after my initiation there was put upon me the task of rewriting the ritual, preparing everything in a new form, including some songs¹ which, I am very thankful to say, for my own credit and for the good of the Fraternity, have long ago passed into oblivion. There is one work of mine, however, that I am very glad to say remains to the present day, and I hope as long as the Fraternity endures (and may it last forever!) the Tau Kappa Phi will represent those sentiments which ought to fill the breasts of every true Zete and be the passwords one to another. Of course, immediately after my initiation I was anxious to have one as a companion who had been with me as a classmate before we entered college, and hence I persuaded the present Rev. Dr. George S. Mott also to become a Zete with me. I think he can tell you something in connection with our experience on entering college. Mott persuaded Wood-

¹ The closing ode, "*Dear Brothers, now the hour has come,*" etc., and other songs written by Brother Carter, are in general use.—Note by Ed.

hull to join, and I think it can fairly be said that the prosperity of the institution may be dated from that time. We had meetings in a small hotel in Howard Street, near Broadway, which has long since passed away, and only the memory is left. In that hotel were initiated the Brothers from Rutgers College, the impulsive "Pete" Rousse, the scholarly Judge Larremore, and the genial "Jack" Hess.

I could n't help thinking this afternoon at the Grand Chapter how true it is that "great oaks from little acorns grow." I think that is the motto. I remember very well the first Grand Chapter I attended. It was before I graduated. We met in a little town on the North River (Newburgh), and I remember very well every incident that occurred. In passing the little town of Nyack, having some lady acquaintances there, two or three of us were anxious to drink to their health. All the materials were at hand except a stirrer, and so a small bamboo cane, that I was dude enough to carry (and I am thankful to say I have gotten all over that), was used to stir up the necessary ingredients. It took but a very small room to entertain that first Grand Chapter. I think, if my memory does not fail me, there were about seven members present. I remember also a meeting of the Grand Chapter (and I have good reason to remember it) which was held in Brooklyn, on the 17th of August, 1853; and the reason I remember it so well is that it met the day after I was married. That may be to connect one good fortune with another. But, at all events, it impressed itself upon me as being connected with that event.

Once more it was my good fortune to attend a meeting of the Grand Chapter in 1876, and from that time on I have not been favored with an opportunity of attending. You know I live some ways off. I have been reminded of

my residence by the warmth of the welcome that has been given to me here. It is not quite as hot down there as you may think. You know we are told that there are some places so hot that they have to feed the hens cracked ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs. It is not quite as warm as that down there. But at all events it is unfortunately so far off that it is practically impossible for me to be present at these meetings as frequently as I would like; and I am thankful to say (and I think it a matter of high honor to me) that every winter, as it passed, I have been remembered, and invitations have been sent to me, and though I have not been able to be with you in person, far as it is, you may be sure that I have been with you in spirit, and that I have imagined myself attending some of these meetings. And yet, in the wildest range of my imagination, I have never fancied to myself such a gathering as this. Here are many representatives of our dear Fraternity who have conserved the prosperity and the usefulness of a body which is so dear to all of us.

THE REV. DR. DURYEE'S IMMORTAL SONG

THE CHAIRMAN: It was my pleasure, two years ago, at the annual dinner at Delmonico's (which, I may say in passing, was the most delightful dinner which, up to that time, I had ever attended), to sit next to Brother William Rankin Duryee, the author of "*Zeta Psi, we pledge to-night.*" He was, as we all know, always earnest in his Chapter, but in the general activities of the Fraternity he had for many years not been very closely identified, and so he had not realized how thoroughly this song had become interwoven with the life of the Fraternity. We have heard it when we were initiated, for a generation

past, and we do not forget it; and when the magnificent chorus (and I do not know where you can find finer choruses than we have)—when the magnificent chorus rolled up, the old gentleman was very much affected. I could not help thinking of Longfellow's lines when I saw the tears of pleasure in his eyes:

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

As I saw him so moved when he heard the song which he wrote in youth, I could not help thinking how it was safe in the hearts of many, many friends. He has gone since then from the family and the Fraternity he loved, but if the beautiful thought of the Spiritualists is true, and if the souls of our departed friends are hovering near us as we act in this life, and if he were indeed near us now, he would hear his song, as we shall sing it, without book or print, straight from the hearts of his friends. And so he would after another fifty years, when Zeta Psi will have its centennial. I had not been seated here a minute to-night before somebody came up and wanted to have Brother Duryee's song sung. I said, "No; I want that done in the finest style in the middle of the evening";

but it was not more than five minutes before it burst out of itself. (A voice, "Sing it now.") Now, Brothers, let us sing it in grand style, "*Zeta Psi, we pledge to-night.*"

REUNION SONG

AIR—"Lauriger Horatius"

Zeta Psi, we pledge to-night
Ever more to love thee,
As thy spotless banner white
Flings its folds above thee.

Chorus.

As we tread the pathway high,
Leading on to glory,
Oft we 'll wreath 'round Zeta Psi
Praise in song and story.

Binding with thy mystic chain
Brother's heart to brother;
Kindling with thy hidden flame
Love that naught may smother.

Parted far though we may stand,
Memories none can sever
Still shall bind us, hand in hand,
To thy vows forever.

Gathering clouds and angry skies,
While thy life assailing,
See thy vestal fires arise,
O'er the storm prevailing.

WILLIAM RANKIN DURYEE, Delta, '56.
(Written for Delta Chapter Banquet, cir. 1858.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Brothers, I have now the pleasure of presenting to you one of our most valued Brothers from the South, who will address you. Brother Duke, of the University of Virginia. (Applause.)

SPEECH OF R. T. W. DUKE, JR., BETA, '74

I DON'T know, boys, whether I come under the head of a daisy or a breeze, but I am confident that I have a little of both in my composition. I cannot begin to express to you the pleasure it gives me to face you here and call each one of you "my brother." There has been a time in the history of this country (thank God! never to occur again!) when brother faced brother in fratricidal strife; but if you are spared until next week, you will see in this city, marching in honor of the hero against whom my father fought, my father's men, to do his memory honor. I have been introduced to you as from the South. It is true I claim the Old Dominion as my birthplace, and, please God, in its soil I shall rest, with the ashes of my sires. But I am not from the South, or from Virginia, now. I am from America, from this glorious Union. And when I am with you here, boys, I don't know, in the language of the distinguished Georgian, exactly "where I am at."

I want to tell you my reminiscence of my first convention. It was a few years after John Eyerman was born,—in Easton, in 1873. I myself was just old enough to get into the Fraternity at that time. We went up to Easton, and I was the lonely and loneliest, the solitary and the solitariest Southerner present. I was the only unfortunate man that the boys were able to christen by the name of "rebel" at that convention. But the convention con-

vinced me of one thing—I had never been north of the Potomac River, nor very far south, as far as that goes; but I had heard a great deal about the Yankee boys, and I must confess I went up there with a little trepidation in my heart, and a large revolver in my boot. It is true the revolver was not loaded—though the carrier was, later on. I was, as I say, “solitary and alone.” Several balls were, however, set in motion, and there I met such a greeting from those noble boys up in the mountains, accompanied by the Brothers from New York and elsewhere, that when I went back I said, “It is a second Appomattox, boys, and I surrender.”

And now I bring you from the Old Dominion our love and our affection. She has poured out the blood of her sons to make this Union. Again she poured it out, with the same spirit, when she thought it her duty and right to do so; but the same blood that flowed then will flow again, if necessary, as we march with you, my brethren, under the coat of arms that Washington gave to the Union in the old times as its flag. So, as a Zete, I greet you with love. I cannot find the heart, as I had intended when I rose, to deal with you, if I could, with merry quip and jest, for in this time the fool’s bells are laid aside, and motley cannot be worn. God bless this old Fraternity! That is the earnest prayer I breathe. And may she be one, as I am sure she will be, of the great agencies which shall bind together, in links firmer than steel and brighter than diamonds, Maine to California, Texas to Massachusetts.

THE CHAIRMAN: Now, Brothers, we will call on Brother Maurice Clemens, Tau, '88, to sing “*The Badge of Zeta Psi.*” (The song was sung and liberally applauded.)

THE BADGE OF ZETA PSI

AIR—The Badge of Zeta Psi

You ask me why upon this breast
I wear, tho' bent and gray,
These ancient characters of gold,
Gemmed with the diamond's ray.
A band of students long ago,
When life's bright morning shone,
Gave me this badge, the badge they wore,
To show their hearts were one.

Chorus.

And that is why upon my breast
I wear, as years go by,
These ancient characters of gold,
The badge of Zeta Psi.

On Chattanooga's bloody field,
A pris'ner left to die,
I saw a chief in Southern gray,
Decked with this badge, march by.
He nursed me, clothed me, set me free,
And when we said good-bye,
He, silent, pointed to the badge,
And spoke, "Tau Kappa Phi."

I saw it on my marriage morn,
When sunshine filled the day;
It glimmered in my little home,
When sorrow dimmed the way.

And wheresoe'er I 've seen this badge
 I 've always found a friend,
 That welcome sight, in grief or joy,—
 So be it to the end!

FRANCIS LAWTON, Epsilon, '69.

(Written for Phi Chapter Banquet, 1891.)

THE CHAIRMAN: This is an evening, to a certain extent, of reminiscences. I hold in my hand a little book called "*The Chapter*," which contains poetry mostly written by Zeta Psis. It is a book now very scarce. In it there is a poem read at a banquet given on the evening of November 5, 1864, in honor of the establishment of the Omega Chapter at the old University of Chicago. That Chapter is now inactive. (A voice: "There are two representatives here, Brothers Henry T. Thomas and Heman R. Powers.") I have asked our dear Brother, Dr. Mott, of the Phi, to read the poem, which he will kindly do.

SPEECH OF THE

REV. GEORGE S. MOTT, D.D., PHI, '50

I DON'T know why our Brother asked me to read this. Certainly it is n't because I am a good reader, as you will find out before I get through. Nor is it because I had anything to do with the composition of the poem. I had a suspicion that possibly it might be the poetic effusion of our friend here, Brother Carter, who in our college days was quite gifted in writing poetry, especially valentines. I remember he wrote a very sweet one for me on one occasion. But I am not sure whether he wrote this or not. He is fully capable of any such impressive attempt

as this. And, by the way, while I am using his name, as his old friend and classmate, permit me to thank my young Brothers here for the very welcome greeting which they gave him. That greeting was certainly worth coming all the way from Florida to receive, and it shows that there are two things that are appreciated here to-night—one is age, and the other is patriotism. I will now read the poem:

THE GOLDEN BADGE

From the rapids of the Mohawk,
From Narragansett Bay,
From the willows of the Kennebec,
From the Lake State far away;
From homes so distant severed,
From hearthstones warm and bright,
Brothers in heart, with features strange,
We welcome you to-night.

With feet all weary from the tread
Of life's deceitful way,
We meet within this wayside inn
And here our burdens lay.
Like mutual prodigals we come,
Tired of the husks of swine,
To gather round one father's board,
With mirth and song and wine.

In the chivalric times long past,
In old crusading days,
Some gallant knights by chance had met,
While riding diverse ways;

No sign of recognition passed,
 None word of greeting spoke,
 Each looked suspicious on the rest,
 No one the silence broke.

Each sullen sat, absorbed in thought
 Of comrades seen no more—
 The happy group he left behind
 On distant Albion's shore;
 Then each recalled the brave who fell,
 The noblest of the line,
 Whose bones lay bleaching on the sand
 Of far-off Palestine.

At length one drew a golden cross
 From 'neath his coat of mail,
 When quick rose up each gallant knight
 And bade the stranger hail.
 Strangers no more, but brothers now,
 For on each manly form,
 Beneath the triple-plated steel,
 That golden cross was worn.

Like those brave knights, we need no scrip,
 Indorsed with seal and hand,
 To tell who may the worthy be
 To join our mystic band.
 'Mid northern winter's chilling snows,
 In southern sultry air,
 Where'er this golden badge is seen
 Go greet thy brother there!

.

For our young brothers gathered here
 I 'll answer one and all:

Good boys! I 've known them long and well,
We 'll help them lest they fall!
I pledge a god-sire's care to each,
An elder brother's love,
That they dishonor not our craft,
But worthy brothers prove.

You are our Western pioneers,
Our outward picket line;
Be vigilant to guard your post,
Extend your ranks with time;
Be ready, with your armor on,
To fight for Zeta Psi,
And ever let your banner be
Inscribed, "Tau Kappa Phi."

RODNEY WELCH, Chi, '52.

After the line "With mirth and song and wine," Dr. Mott remarked: That verse seems quite in keeping with some things which Brother Carter related about the tavern-days of Zeta Psi. Well I remember those days. I think it was over a bar-room that I was initiated. We were wont to go in by a side door, but we did n't go as far as the bar; we generally proceeded up-stairs. I suppose you have heard of the sign which a wag put in front of a bar-room over which there was a chapel:

A spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of joy, and a spirit of woe;
The spirit above, a spirit divine,
The spirit below, a spirit of wine.

Now, the Zeta Psi was the spirit above.

A PRESENTATION

THE CHAIRMAN: Will Brother Buchman please come up to this end of the room?

Brother Buchman came forward.

THE CHAIRMAN (holding in his hand a silver loving-cup) said: On this cup which I hold in my hand is the following inscription:

*“To Albert Buchman, in Loving Remembrance, from his
Brothers in Tau Kappa Phi. Semi-Centennial,
April 23rd, 1897.”*

You don't know, all of you, as well as I know, what Brother Buchman has done for this Fraternity. The fact that it is spreading out, as you see before you to-night, into a great institution, is largely due to him. It is to him that the general institutions of the Fraternity—the later ones, like the Board of Patriarchs and the Zeta Psi Club—largely owe their existence. He built, you might almost say with his own hands, the finest Chapter house we have. Last, but not least, he has served in the most difficult, the most responsible, and the most thankless office of treasurer of this Fraternity for a great many years. But it is not, Brothers, for any of these things that we give this memento to Brother Buchman. It is because we see in him a bright exponent of that generosity, patience and love which are expressed by our motto of Tau Kappa Phi. (Applause.) I have the pleasure, in your name, of presenting to him this loving-cup. (Cheers and applause from all over the hall arose as Brother Buchman drank from the loving-cup, and a toast was drunk to his health by all, standing.)

BROTHER ALBERT BUCHMAN, Psi, '79: I hope you won't ask me to make a speech. I never could make a speech, and I am surely not equal to it now. I can only say that Brother Lawton's eulogium is not deserved. Whatever I have done for the Fraternity, I have done with my heart and soul, because I felt like doing it; and I can only say to you, "God bless you all."

At the conclusion of Brother Buchman's remarks (which were applauded to the echo), the cup was passed from hand to hand, each Brother drinking from it.

THE CHAIRMAN: I am now going to ask Brother Fisher, of Washington, one of our old and valued Brothers, to say a few words to us.

SPEECH OF R. S. J. FISHER, ETA (PA.), '67

BROTHER LAWTON, although he had seated me at the Patriarchs' table, did not consider that I was quite old enough a Patriarch to be presented formally. He has called upon me now to fill a gap. I was present at an occasion of this sort a year ago, and as I had not been at a meeting of the Grand Chapter for a great many years, I naturally fell into a reminiscent mood. I told one or two stories then which I ought to have saved until this year, as this is the great anniversary. But Brother Duke's account of the first meeting of the Grand Chapter which he attended has made me feel that I want again to recall at least one of those reminiscences. He speaks about the period of reconstruction. I was a delegate to the Grand Chapter, either in 1866 or 1867, when the first delegation came here from the University of North Carolina that had been at a Grand Chapter since the war. One

delegate got up and made a speech. I remember his appearance perfectly. He was dressed in a suit of Confederate homespun, and looked exactly like some of the Confederate soldiers that I had seen. He told us of the struggles that that Chapter had had to preserve its existence during the war, and how some of its members had come to the convention in the hope of meeting their Northern Brothers again, and having the feeling that the war was over and that the spirit of Zeta Psi united them once more. I never heard such a storm of applause as shook the walls of Cooper Institute (where the convention was held) as he concluded his remarks. From that moment, so far as Zeta Psi was concerned, reconstruction had full force and effect.

I flatter myself that Brother Lawton called upon me, not because he thought I could entertain you, but because I am a representative, as its president, of the Washington Zeta Psi Club or Society. Somebody once said that the United States Signal Corps consisted of one brigadier-general and two or three second lieutenants. The Washington Zeta Psi Society started out some few years ago—perhaps twelve—under very bright auspices. We formed a very delightful association, and had one banquet at which there were a number of distinguished men—congressmen, and army and navy officers, and what not. It happened to be just about or a little before the coming in of the first Cleveland administration, and in a few months the Society fell into, not exactly “innocuous desuetude,” but something of that sort. Recently Brother Pierson tried to stir us up, and we met; there were three or four of us—just about enough to elect officers. But small though we are numerically, we are on deck. I am here to-night talking to you now, and to-morrow night Brother Dingley of Maine is to be present and respond to a toast, and, I believe, Brother Bennett is to, also. So you see

that although we are not very numerous, we are bound to make ourselves heard.

THE CHAIRMAN: I desire to call upon a representative of one of the younger classes, so that all our elements may have a hearing to-night. I introduce Brother William Van Wyck, of the Alpha Chapter, president of the Long Island Association of Zeta Psi.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM VAN WYCK, ALPHA
(COL.), '89

I ENDORSE and reëcho every word which has been spoken by those who have preceded me, and esteem it a privilege to add a few words of my own. One cannot hear too much about Tau Kappa Phi on a high festival occasion like this. I come, as some of you know, from the city of Brooklyn, a modest hamlet on the other side of the river, and Brooklyn enjoys the proud distinction of having Zeta Psi as the first Greek-letter fraternity formally to invade her territory. The name of this newcomer is the Zeta Psi Association of Long Island, and I beg leave to assure you that the Association does her honor.

At the present time the magnificent scheme of "consolidation" is being energetically promoted, the scheme which is to make New York and Brooklyn one. But no scheme of consolidation is needed to accomplish the union of Zeta Psi. Dispensing with legislative enactments, dispensing with the consolidating labors of Governors or Mayors, we are all firmly joined together by the silken chains of love. This notable occasion emphatically attests that the Chapters of the Zeta Psi Fraternity and the Brothers composing them, being many, are one in Tau Kappa Phi. The fire which burns brightly on the hearthstone of the Zeta Psi Association burns brightly wherever

Zetes meet together. The municipal consolidation of which I have spoken will be an accomplished fact some of these days; and fifty years hence, when I sit at the head table, the dinner will be under the auspices of the Zeta Psi Association of the Greater New York.

THE CHAIRMAN: It never would do to close these exercises without hearing from the man to whom we owe them. We all want to greet the Brother to whom we are indebted for this celebration, Israel C. Pierson. (Applause.)

SPEECH AND POEM OF ISRAEL C. PIERSON, PHI, '65

THIS has been a most delightful and wonderful reunion, as to the genuine spirit of Zeta Psi prevalent and as to the large number present, such as not Brother J. B. Y. Sommers himself, nor any other the most enthusiastic Brother, would have dreamed of. Brother Francis Lawton, who presides, and who, we all know, is one of the most loyal and enthusiastic of Zeta Psis, is to be congratulated on the happy arrangement of the post-prandial exercises and on the success which has attended his execution of them. We owe to him a hearty vote of thanks for this and many other good offices for our beloved Fraternity. The hour is late; therefore, after a few more words, I will propose that we close A.M.A.O.

THE SECRET OF ZETA PSI

What potent meaning buried deep
These letters Zeta Psi do hold,
So well do they their secret keep
To strangers it may ne'er be told.

And well 't is known the hidden words,
Uttered by lip or dropped from pen,
Have power to bind, like firm wrought cords,
Each unto each, the hearts of men.

They speak of mutual trust and truth,
Of friendship formed not to decay,
But from the sunny morn of youth
Reaching to manhood's cloudier day.

And far these words have whispered been,
Far has their power been understood,
Till many names are numbered in
One wide extended brotherhood.

Bound in an ever-widening chain
That far its mystic course extends,
Joined not from hope of sordid gain,
Nor seeking any selfish ends;

But joined in hand and joined in soul,
Loving as though of kindred blood,
Seeking the honor of the whole
And seeking each the other's good.

United that each heart may feel
The same strong heart-waves through it flow,
One joy throb for a brother's weal,
One sorrow for a brother's woe;

That while the swift years thither go
Throughout life's changes, calm and storm,
The brother love may brighter glow
And keep the heart forever warm.

Then honor it in feast and song,
 And bid it stand as years go by,
 Full ranked, unrivalled, firm and strong,
 The brotherhood of Zeta Psi!

(Written in 1863.)

The festivities of the Complimentary Dinner were then closed after the most ancient order.

PARTING SONG

AIR—"Good Bye"

Farewell, farewell; as our hands unclasp,
 The parting brings the sigh,
 Yet clings each heart with a closer grasp
 To the dear old Zeta Psi.

Chorus.

To the dear old Zeta Psi,
 To the dear old Zeta Psi,
 Yet clings each heart with a closer grasp
 To the dear old Zeta Psi.

Farewell, farewell; but not to forget
 When sterner scenes draw nigh,
 For the eye will turn where the love is set,
 To the dear old Zeta Psi.

Chorus.

To the dear old Zeta Psi, etc.

WILLIAM RANKIN DURYEE, Delta, '56.

THE BANQUET

[DELMONICO'S, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1897.]

*O night of rare delight !
O night of rare delight !
It fills our dreams
With sunny gleams,
That night of rare delight !*

THE BANQUET

THE blessing was asked by the Rev. Dr. George S. Woodhull, Phi, '48.

The following was the menu:

Menu

Huitres

POTAGES

Consommé Hongroise
Bisque de crabs

HORS D'ŒUVRE

Timbales à l'Ecarlatte

POISSON

Truites de rivière, Marinière
Pommes persillade

RELEVÉ

Selle d'agneau à la Singara
Tomates Trévise

ENTRÉES

Poularde aux marrons
Petits pois Parisienne

Asperges, sauce crème

SORBET PRUNELLE

RÔTS

Canards à tête rouge
Salade de laitue

ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR

Savarins aux ananas
Pièces montées
Fruits Petits fours
Glaces moulées
Café

THE PHI ALPHA'S SALUTATORY

F. LE ROY SATTERLEE, M.D., Phi, '65, the most worthy Phi Alpha of the Fraternity, presided. He delivered the following address of welcome: Brothers of the Zeta Psi Fraternity—It is my first duty and pleasure to bid you “a hundred thousand welcomes” as you assemble around this board to celebrate the fiftieth birthday of our glorious Fraternity. The oldest graduate here and the youngest are one to-night, in that charming fellowship which makes them all boys of equal age, a joy to each other and a terror to their foes—by foes I mean those of a different persuasion as regards fraternities. In choosing me as your presiding officer, you have conferred upon me an honor which is second to none in the history of my life, and is only equalled by my appreciation of the distinction. If I live a few more weeks I will have passed my semi-centennial of life, and will then have been a Brother of this Fraternity for more than thirty-three years. Will this not entitle me to address you as one of the “old boys,” and allow me, for the sake of many old boys whom I see around me, to turn back the hands of time “just for to-night,” that we old boys may join with you all in the celebration of our mother's natal day? May we not adapt, for our use, the sweet lines of Oliver Wendell Holmes on this subject?

Yes, we 're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen,—

And I sometimes have asked,—Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear Zete brother drops smiling away?

Then here 's to Zeta's boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy Zeta Psi boys!

You will have the pleasure to-night of hearing from many of the silver-tongued orators in whom our Fraternity is so rich. Brother Eaton will charm you with his eloquent words in honor of our semi-centennial anniversary; and Brother McElroy, our Poet Laureate, will sing to you in his own inimitable way; while others will dwell upon the history of our work during these last fifty years, and hold you spell-bound with choice reminiscences of Chapter-work, fun, and victories of our Brothers in many colleges where the truths of Zeta Psi have been planted. It remains for me to direct your attention for a little to the holy attributes of Friendship, Fellowship, and Brotherly Love, the *raison d'être* of our existence as a fraternity.

Our meeting to-night is the crowning function of the year, and is the natural evolution of the Chapter reunions which have taken place in twenty lodges during the past twelve months all over our broad land, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, from the sunny South to the snows of Canada. This metropolis has been called the "city of perpetual changes." We tear down to-day what was built yesterday, in order to rebuild to-morrow. It is but a phase of the restless activity of our race, constantly demanding better things. But if everything partook of this mutability, would not our existence be more than tinged with sadness? Friendship does not partake of it. Emerson says, "The laws of friendship are austere and eternal, of one web with the laws of nature and morals;

and the two great elements of friendship are truth and tenderness." "No word," says Thoreau, "is oftener on the lip of men than 'friendship,' and, indeed, no thought is more familiar to their aspiration. All men are dreaming of it. . . . It is the secret of the universe." You know there is a peculiar religion attends friendship. There is, according to the etymology of the word, a ligation, a solemn tie, the rescinding whereof may be truly called a schism. There belong to this religion of friendship certain due rites and decent ceremonies, as visits, messages, and missives. It is, then, this religion of friendship, this mystic tie of brotherly love, which binds us as brothers dwelling together in unity. When a man is chosen from his college class by the unanimous vote of the Chapter, he becomes, upon initiation, a Brother in Zeta Psi for all time, and all the benefits and privileges of our order are extended to him as long as his life shall last. It is said to be a fact that no one person can possibly combine all the elements supposed to make up what is meant by friendship. Thus has it come about that we need combinations of fellowship, especially of the sort known as secret fraternities. "Glory, literature, philosophy have this advantage over friendship; remove one object from them, and others fill the void; remove one from friendship, one only, and not the earth, nor the universality of worlds, no, nor the intellect that soars above and comprehends them, can replace it." We do not claim that the fellowship of our Fraternity is without imperfection, any more than we can point to a perfect case of perfect friendship. We do aver that the full measures of friendship that we give and receive have their full measures of worthiness. Friendship is an order of nobility; it has been truly named the golden thread that ties hearts together.

And now I trust that you have gone with me in my attempt to give full value to the cause of our existence as a fraternity. With such a broad and grand foundation, is it any wonder that the edifice which has been fifty years in reaching such magnificent proportions is a source of our profound admiration and loving regard? Brothers in Zeta Psi, those who are present and those who will come after us, must see to it that the holy lamp of brotherly love is well trimmed in our lodges, and is kept brightly burning with the unquenchable fire of fidelity. Though a man be ever so "sufficient to himself," yet were ten men united in love, they would be capable of being and doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. "Infinite is the help man can yield to man." Think, then, of the power wielded for love and fraternity by the five thousand Brothers embraced by the mystic tie and the secret bond of Tau Kappa Phi! For I count all who have gone before to the high Lodge of Heaven, as well as those who remain with us to welcome the increasing number to follow. As has been well sung:

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above;
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.

And now, dear Brothers, the time has come when I must lay down the reins of government and resign the power which this high office has conferred upon me by your kind election. Before I step aside for the inauguration of my

successor, I must most heartily thank you for your earnest and brotherly support in all my efforts to live up to the high requirements of my official position. And in bidding you farewell and God-speed, let me offer this parting toast:

Then a smile and a glass and a toast and a cheer
For all our dear brothers from far and from near;
Let Elders and Patriarchs join in the cry—
“Long life and great honors to dear Zeta Psi!”

THE CHAIRMAN: Brethren, I have the pleasure of presenting Charles H. Eaton, Kappa, '74, who will deliver the Semi-Centennial Oration.

THE NEW ARISTOCRACY

BY THE REV. C. H. EATON, D.D., LL.D., Kappa, '74

LET us consider first some of the marks of the old aristocracy, that I may be able to bring out with more clearness what I call the New Aristocracy, the one which our judgment and the age demand.

In a strictly political sense, an aristocracy is that form of government in which the rights of government are vested in a privileged few. The aristocrats are those who make up this class. To be enrolled in it certain qualifications are necessary. First, *lineage*. The nobility traces its origin back to Hebrew sources, through many ancestors and many countries. From an historical standpoint, an hereditary nobility is found in the infancy of almost every nation, ancient and modern. It existed before the period of authentic history. It tickles the pride, therefore, even if it does not satisfy the demands of truth, to look to these

prehistoric ages for the birth of a family name or history. Much importance is placed upon the number of years of continuous existence of a family in one locality. The Duke of Buckingham came from a family which had continued in Leicestershire four hundred years. The Earl of Oxford's family has remained in one county six hundred years. The foundations of the families of the English aristocracy "lie deep in Norwegian exploits by sea and Saxon sturdiness on land." On the Continent one family traces its origin to a wolf, in imitation, perhaps, of Romulus and Remus; another, to God the Creator and a giant. An aristocracy rests upon some original superiority of mind or body, and finds its beginning in military chieftains or guardians of religion. The Welsh chieftain declares, "He who would be the head must be the bridge," and carries his followers on his back across the swollen stream. Arthur is king, because he alone can draw the sword from the enclosing rock.

The other mark of the old aristocracy is *wealth or possession*. In France especially, the nobility was founded upon and supported by money or lands. Heraldry was for sale. In ancient as in modern times, money could command what birth denied. Either by conquest or grant of land, the feudal lord established and fortified his claim to be a leader among men. It has been estimated that the Hebrides Islands contained in 1786 250,000 freeholders; in 1822, 32,000. From that time to this throughout Great Britain there has been a steady aggregation of land in the hands of the few. It has been said, "There are two disgraces in England worse than all else: disloyalty to state or church and the being born poor." What lineage will not do, money or ambition may bring about. In one way or another, the old aristocracy exhibits the two marks, lineage and wealth.

The results of such an aristocracy are unjust laws and unjust applications of laws. Discriminations are inevitable between nobles and common people. The privileged classes are not held to an account. I need no more than refer to the evils which led to the signing of the Magna Charta, or to the relics of the old system which are still embedded in English jurisprudence. Mr. Wortley said in Parliament that "in the higher ranks to cultivate family affections is a good thing. It is not so among the lower orders. Better take the children away from those who would betray them." Some one remarks, "The feudal system survives in the steep inequality of property and privilege, in the limited franchise, in social barriers which confine patronage and promotion to a caste, and still more in the submissive ideas which pervade the people." These words, which were written thirty years ago, remain true in spite of the remarkable growth of democracy in England.

The American Republic has declared in its constitution that all men are "born free and equal"; it has eliminated from its political scheme the idea of privileged classes, but the spirit of the old aristocracy obtains in our own country. Its form is flouted, its essence retained. This is because human nature is the same everywhere. We find it in the system of caste which is based upon wealth; in the gigantic and often dishonest power of corporations, which, without any sense of personal responsibility, antagonize the permanent interests of society; in the jobbery connected with politics, in which manipulation, bribery, and the sacrifice of the prosperity of a city or the nation to the selfish ambitions of a party or party boss usurp the place of honor and patriotism. We may discover the spirit of the old aristocracy in unjust laws and unjust applications of laws in our courts; in the passage

of political expedients by Congress, which are confessedly based not upon principle but the lowest kind of party expediency, which seek not the comfort and happiness of the largest number, but the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many. Honest wealth honestly employed is the basis of an advancing civilization, the handmaid of religion. The more wealth we have the better, provided only that we, not it, are master. We have based our government upon the broadest declaration of freedom, upon the intrinsic value of a man, and now wealth and desire for office and power lead to corruption which, always hovering like a vampire over a rapidly growing and successful nation, causes us to antagonize the mother who gave us birth. Personal habits and desires indicate the presence of the spirit of the old aristocracy. In one of the prominent club houses in this city is a book of heraldry. Three copies of this work have been worn out by those who would learn who their great-grandfathers were; while it seems an imperative duty to discover whether their family coat of arms were a lion or a donkey. On the principle that the "unknown is magnified," we place an absurdly high estimate on what has undoubted advantages, and overlook in our senseless worship of rank the higher nobility of nature and achievement. Such is the character of the old aristocracy, such is its spirit as still exhibited among us.

What, now, is the New Aristocracy? In a work on *Politics*, Aristotle wrote of an ideal constitution. It was to be an aristocracy which should be the rule of the best. It was opposed to an oligarchy, which was the rule of a few families. With some extension of the idea of Aristotle, we would accept it as the description of the New Aristocracy. The New Aristocracy seeks the rule of the best in society, church, and state. It seeks to develop and

incorporate in the body politic man's highest qualities of thought and affection. It is not based on outward circumstances, but upon inward power. It does not concern itself with questions of wealth and lineage, but with character. It has two characteristics—an educated head and an educated heart. I use the phrase educated head as indicating what it necessarily involves,—humility, love of truth, courage. They who prepare themselves by the methods of education to question the universe, who by long effort seek to fathom the mysteries of nature, who untwist the rays of light, read the history of the world's evolution on geologic page, who consider the great questions of God as He is related to nature and man—these present one element, at least, of the New Aristocracy. The noblemen of whom I speak appear in chemist's apron with acids and alkalies in hand; or with hammer and test-tubes they reveal the secrets of the earth. They wear the garb of discoverers, inventors, teachers, philosophers. Whenever and wherever man firmly faces the problem of his own existence and his relations to nature and God, there we find the representatives of the new order of nobility. The reason for this is found in the fact that the search for knowledge makes men humble, lovers of truth, courageous. We are familiar with Newton's expression in which he compares himself to a boy finding a pebble on the shore of "the great ocean of truth"; or the words of Kepler, "I am reading God's thoughts after Him." Professor Henry, when about to make an experiment with the electric wires, was accustomed to say to the students helping him, "Take off your hats, gentlemen; I am about to ask God a question." The truly educated mind, although logical, is humble. Bruno exhibits both love of truth and courage when, standing before his judges, who were about to condemn him to exile because

of his splendid service to astronomy, he exclaims: "My country is wherever I can see the stars. You are more afraid to condemn than I am to receive condemnation." When Richelieu ruled in France he drew a magic circle and cried, "Outside this circle there is no power for France; within it is all the glory of my country." While Richelieu spoke, Solomon de Caus, who had been for twenty years behind prison bars because he had discovered the motive power of steam, held in his weak hands greater possibilities than the ecclesiastic ever dreamed. When the unknown member of the Jesuit order uncurtained the spots on the sun, the head of his monastery said, "Go back to your cell; I have read Aristotle through from beginning to end, and he says nothing of spots on the sun. Be assured the spots you see are either spots on your eyes or on your spectacles." But the monk triumphed at last by humility and love of truth, and science honors him for noble service. No bigotry, no fear of innovation, no love of ease can stay the progress of these lovers of truth. Is it strange that an educated head, which is the result of the study of nature, man, or God, creates the elements of character of which I speak? Take a single example from material science. "Let man," says Pascal, "investigate the smallest things of all he knows; let this dot of an insect, for instance, exhibit to him in its diminutive body parts incomparably more diminutive—jointed limbs, veins in those limbs, blood in those veins, drops within the blood; let him still, subdividing these finest points, exhaust his power of conception, and let the minutest object the fancy can shape be that one of which we are now speaking, he may perhaps suppose that to be the extreme of minuteness in nature. I will make him discover a new abyss within it. I will show him not merely the visible universe, but all besides his imagination can

grasp, the immensity of nature, within the confines of that imperceptible atom." "There exist in the atmosphere," writes Tyndall, "particles of matter that elude the microscope, and the scales which do not disturb its clearness and yet are present in it in so immense a multitude, that the Hebrew hyperbole of the number of the grains of sand on the seashore becomes comparatively meaningless." Are we not awed into reverent silence when even one door to the wonders of the universe is opened to us? And when we consider for a moment the infinity of space, the positions and relations of the planets, the ray of light which after a journey of millions of years has just reached our eye, as we pass to the higher provinces of reason and seek to understand something of those finer and unseen spiritual truths far above manufactories and laboratories, as we strive to answer the old questions, Whence am I? What am I? Whither am I going? and are absorbed in the mighty verities of the universe,—how petty seem all the considerations of sect and state! All artificial distinctions based only upon wealth or social position drop away. Our wings are striking the door of the Infinite—what care we for the dogs and the bones beneath?

The second characteristic of the New Aristocracy is *an educated heart*. The complete man has a twofold development, intellectual and emotional. The results of the working of one class of powers are just as substantial and worthy as those of the other, and just as essential. I have already said enough to show my conception of the New Aristocracy to be the largest and noblest manhood. There is something in life superior to logical propositions and chemical formulæ. He lives most who loves most. The best is realized only when heart-power is added to head-power. In every department of life, from that of the scientific investigation of outward nature, through

the fields of literature and art, until we arrive at philosophy and religion, the best and finished products are to come from an harmonious union of the intellectual and emotional powers. Let us hear what Huxley says on this point: "The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras, which he so much scorned." "In true science," he continues, "no exclusive claim is made—the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of the moral nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton but a Shakspeare, not only a Boyle but a Raphael, not only a Kant but a Beethoven, not only a Darwin but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed but supplementary, not mutually exclusive but reconcilable." To realize this harmonious development should be the highest aim of man. The rule of the best includes, then, not only keenness of intellectual power, but depth of affection, force of enthusiasm. Humanity is not complete with high thinking. There must also be profound loving. None know so well the meaning of life, none reach so high or grow so large, as those who approach the world in sympathy. The New Aristocracy finds its chief support in the emotional nature. All may not have the passport of learning to the new order, but if one have a warm heart and earnest mind he may approach with confidence. The Malthusian philosopher was rightly answered by the ignorant stone-mason: "Among us, I tell you, sir, three-fourths of our eddication is eddication of the heart; we have to learn to be human. I think this makes better men, as a rule, than head-l'arnin', though I don't despise that nuther."

There are now, as there have always been, many members of this new order of nobility. They are found in Indian jungles, in African forests, on the summits of mountains, in the bowels of the earth, in the stone cell of a Michael Angelo, in the cot of the peasant Hugh Miller, in the laboratory of a Morse as in the theatre of Shakspeare, in the editorial rooms of a Raymond and a Greeley, the country homes of Darwin and Emerson, and the studies of an Edwards and a Channing. These noble-men are habitués of market and factory as well as palace and throne-room. They are to be found in tenement-house and mine as well as in mansion and legislative hall. There is a point where Shaftesbury and Father Damien meet on equal terms. It is found in their intense humanity. The titles to nobility in the New Aristocracy are secrets of nature disclosed, laws of life formulated, naked bodies clothed, hands taught skill, minds awakened and filled with great impulses, social evils modified or eradicated, the enslaved set free, the mourning made to rejoice.

These thoughts, my Brothers, may not be inappropriate on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Zeta Psi Fraternity. Its ideal and its accomplishment during half a century have been along the lines of the New Aristocracy. It is an academic society. It seeks acute, well-trained minds. It arouses and makes active the moral and emotional nature. It applauds symmetrical men, men who touch life at many points. It emphasizes honor, purity, brotherly love. It has achieved a noble place among the active forces for good in the community. It has representatives in all important walks of life. We come here to-night for holy remembrance, for jovial comradeship and fraternal association. We seek for an inspiration in high thinking and unselfish ac-

tion which shall constantly carry us forward toward the ideal of perfected manhood. Democracy is the spirit of the age. But we would not have it a "riot of mediocrities, dishonesty, and fudges," but the rule of the best. We would baptize it in the fountain of clear and self-controlled thinking, and confirm it in generous self-sacrifice. We would warm it at the altar-fires of fraternity. We would cause it to register its vows in the enriched character of men and institutions. We would make it a handmaid of genuine progress.

Some of the founders of this Fraternity are with us to-night, men of great affairs, high in the world of commerce, state, judicial circles, and church. But we are all boys again and will be to the end. We sing the old songs. We renew the old vows. We work together for the creation of the New Aristocracy, the rule of the best in ourselves and other men, an aristocracy of educated brains and warm hearts. We seek to buttress with our manhood a "government of the people, by the people, for the people." We would accumulate wealth without degrading ourselves or slaughtering our fellows. We would keep without stain of personal self-seeking the ermine of justice. We would make religion the sanctuary of all the oppressed and the gate of Heaven. We would bind together in one confederation all nations of the earth and establish at last a universal brotherhood. When this New Aristocracy shall be established, when, awakened in mind, heart, and will, our Fraternity and other fraternities lift themselves to the level of their opportunity, "trade and government will not alone be the favorite aims of men; but every useful and every elegant art, the height of reason, the purity of love, the force of true religion, will all find their home in our institutions and write laws for men."

THE CHAIRMAN: Brothers, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Brother Marshall S. Brown, Epsilon, '92, who will give you a sketch of the founding of the Fraternity.

THE DATE OF THE FOUNDING OF ZETA PSI

BY MARSHALL S. BROWN, Epsilon, '92

IN the fall of 1845, when John Bradt Yates Sommers entered the University of the City of New York as a freshman, the fraternity system had become well established in American college life. Three fraternities, Sigma Phi, Psi Upsilon, and Delta Phi, each had Chapters at New York, and each extended an invitation to Sommers to unite with them. But he, then barely sixteen years old, declined to throw in his lot with any one of them, although it is said that he looked with favor upon Psi Upsilon, then the strongest fraternity at the college, but was alienated from it by what he considered the unjust expulsion from its ranks of an intimate friend of his. Sommers was of a quiet, refined nature, and naturally drew men to him. Brother Woodhull, for many years his intimate friend, writes that "Sommers had a very pleasant address and attractive manners, and the art of attaching to himself his acquaintances till they became his strong personal friends." His cultured, gentlemanly bearing, his energy and force of character, and his personal magnetism fitted him preëminently for the work which, although yet a boy not quite eighteen, he was able to accomplish, and which we to-night, separated from that time by the space of half a century, have gathered here to celebrate.

The Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America was founded on the first day of June, 1847, by John B. Yates Sommers and two friends, William Henry Dayton and John M. Skillman. There has been considerable controversy over the true date of the founding of our Fraternity. As the result of a somewhat exhaustive research among old letters, reports, and catalogues, I believe I am able to set this matter finally at rest and to assure the Brothers assembled to celebrate the semi-centennial of our loved Fraternity, that the year 1897 is without question the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Zeta Psi.

Brother Aubery, the Delta Alpha of the Fraternity for the year 1883, in his valuable history, "Our Fraternity: Its Origin and Founder," and Brother Bowen, in his Delta Alpha report of January, 1886, both claim that Zeta Psi was founded in the year 1846. The ground for their belief was as follows: In the archives of the Delta Chapter are three separate lists of the initiates of the Phi Chapter, which had been sent to the Delta and have been by them preserved, while the early records of the Phi have unfortunately been lost. One of these lists gives the date of the admission of the three charter members, that is, the date of the founding of the Fraternity, as June 1, 1846. This entry, it will be seen, if true, would place the origin of Zeta Psi in the college year 1845-46. Several of the survivors of the Phi Chapter, who were contemporaries of the founders in college, say that, according to their recollections, the Fraternity was founded in the college year 1846-47. That the recollections of our venerable and venerated members, Brother Carter, Brother Woodhull, and Brother Mott are not at fault, is established by the following letter from the secretary of the Phi Chapter to the Chapter at Rutgers College:

ZETA PSI FRATERNITY, March 24th, 1849.

THE ALPHA OF NEW YORK TO THE ALPHA OF NEW JERSEY:

GREETING:

In accordance with Article 19th of Bye-laws I forward the following list of all persons admitted to the fellowship of our Fraternity in the Alpha Chapter of New York from June 1st, 1847, until March 24th, 1849.

Then follow, in a tabulated list, the names of those admitted, with June 1, 1847, as the date given for the admission of the founders. The writer of this letter was himself initiated October 13, 1847, five months after his letter shows the Chapter to have been formed. He certainly knew the exact date of the formation of the new Fraternity, and it is highly improbable that in two different places he would have made the mistake of writing 1847 rather than 1846. The Delta Chapter has in its archives a third list of the early members of the Phi, in cipher, which, translated, again places June 1, 1847, as the date of the admission of the three original members.

Again, internal evidence, so conclusive to the historian, proves the date 1846 to be impossible. The record in dispute has next to the date June 1, 1846, the age of Brother Sommers entered as eighteen. Now on June 1, 1846, Brother Sommers was not yet seventeen years old. The reason for eighteen being given rather than his real age, seventeen, on June 1, 1847, can be easily explained by this hypothesis, which conversation with Brother Woodhull and Brother Carter convinces me is the correct one. The three friends banded themselves together in the last month of the college year; a few weeks later, on August 15, 1847, Brother Sommers became eighteen; the regular

entries of the dates of admission were not made until the fall, when, upon the opening of college, several more men were initiated, and regular bookkeeping was probably for the first time begun. On signing his name to the Chapter roll, Brother Sommers entered his age as it was then, rather than as it was June 1st. The earliest catalogue of the Fraternity, published in 1859, gives the date of the founding of the Phi Chapter as 1847. I have in my possession a letter dated August 5, 1859, from Brother J. B. Y. Sommers to Brother J. H. Hopkins, of the Delta Chapter, acknowledging the receipt of the catalogue and testifying to the correctness of the part relating to the Phi Chapter. Such a glaring error as the substitution of 1847 for 1846 as the year of the founding of Zeta Psi could not possibly have escaped the attention of the founder himself, whose testimony thus makes assurance doubly sure. Letters from Brother Carter, Brother Woodhull, and Brother Mott, all now living, and all of whom joined the Fraternity during the first year of its existence, give as their recollection that the Fraternity was started in the college year 1846-47, and Brother Mott is quite positive that it was in the spring of 1847.

The facts and arguments thus stated establish beyond a doubt that the Zeta Psi Fraternity of North America was founded by John B. Yates Sommers, of the class of 1849, of the University of the City of New York, and two friends (at the home of the Rev. Chas. G. Sommers, D.D., 82 Madison Street, New York City), on the first day of June in the year of our Lord 1847. (Applause.)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Since writing the above in the spring of 1897, two very valuable contributions to the early history of the Fra-

ternity have been found, although they had been missing for over a generation. These are the original pledge-book and the original record of initiates of the Phi Chapter at New York University. In addition to these invaluable documents, many others, including early minutes of other Chapters, and private and Chapter correspondence, have been brought to light by the indefatigable labors of the Fraternity archivist, the Delta Alpha. In the original Phi Chapter pledge-book, both June 1, 1846, and June 1, 1847, are given in the handwriting of Brother Sommers as the date of initiation of the charter members. In this discrepancy is found the cause of the long controversy which has taken place over the exact date of the founding of the parent Chapter. The explanation of the conflicting entries by the founder himself I do not pretend to make, but the facts given in the above paper and others that have more recently been discovered—two of the more important of which I add in this note—do not seem to justify any change in the conclusion reached, but rather confirm it.

On February 22, 1849, Brother Sommers sent a list of all members of the Phi Chapter to the Alpha Chapter of Massachusetts in his own handwriting, and signed by himself, giving June 1, 1847, as the date of his initiation, and in the back of the original Phi minute-book there is a list of the Chapters of the Fraternity, written in 1850, which gives 1847 as the date of the founding of the Phi Chapter.

Whatever motives Brother Sommers may have had for entering the date of founding the Chapter as both 1847 and 1846 (a slip of the pen may account for the conflicting figures), the evidence submitted in the paper and in this note, with much more of a like tenor which might have been added, is sufficiently conclusive to prove

that of the two contradictory dates, the entry of 1846 must have been the erroneous one.

MARSHALL STEWART BROWN, Epsilon, '92.

THE CHAIRMAN: Brothers, I have the pleasure of introducing William H. McElroy, Theta, '60, who will read the Semi-Centennial poem.

SPEECH AND POEM OF W. H. McELROY,
THETA, '60

MY brethren of the Zeta Psi Fraternity—There used to be told here in New York a story about a rising young poet (he thought he was “rising”) who sent to one of the magazines a sonnet in which he balanced, pro and con, the reasons why a man should want to live and why he should not want to live. He called his sonnet “Why do I Live?” and he signed it “Augustus.” The magazine did not publish this effusion—owing to the pressure on its columns. Its editor sent it back to the author with this explanation: “To Augustus—We received from you a little sonnet entitled, ‘Why do I Live?’ We got it by mail, Augustus, and you live because you did n’t bring it around to the office in person.” Warned by the fate of Augustus, what I am to read to-night is simply for this sympathetic family reunion, and not for any magazine.

WHEN THIS OLD PIN WAS NEW

I

I picked it up the other day,
The gold was worn and thin,
I picked it up and put it on—
My old Greek-letter pin;

THE JUBILEE OF THE

Oh, Zeta Psi, with glist'ning eye
I pay my vows to you,
Ring memory's chimes of high old times
When this old pin was new!

II

I wore it first one autumn night,
The night I got the grip,
They took me in, I took the oath,
With pleased but trembling lip;
That awful oath, I 'm frank to say,
It scared me through and through—
And, oh, the head I had next day—
When this old pin was new!

III

I wore it on a showy vest,
With head held high in air,
I swaggered, throwing out my chest,
And all the world looked fair;
How well I felt, how sweet was life,
The sky a sapphire blue—
The age of gold it blossomed then,
When this old pin was new!

IV

To me it seemed the rarest thing
That ever graced the light,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
But died without the sight;

I sneered at every rival badge,
And bade them all "go to,"—
And still I feel as then I felt,
When this old pin was new!

V

I took it home vacation time,
As 't were a priceless pearl,
I showed it to the folks at home,
And one extraneous girl;
They viewed it through my partial eyes,
And bade me to be true
To all the good it symbolized,
When this old pin was new!

VI

Those were the real red-letter days:
Hope beckoned in the van,
I walked by Faith's transcendent sight,
I trusted God and man;
The demon Doubt ne'er came to call,
All things I dared to do,
And felt quite equal to them all
When this old pin was new!

VII

I swore I 'd learn why evil was,
I 'd probe the human soul,
I 'd find the circle's shrinking square,
I 'd pierce to either pole;

I 'd set the fractured joint of time,
 I 'd read each puzzling clue—
 Yes, those were fine, head-swelling days—
 When this old pin was new!

VIII

They tell us of a Better World,
 Of bliss without alloy,
 There peace doth like a river flow,
 And endless is the joy;
 Toward it I humbly bend my steps,
 And yet, 'twixt me and you,
 The present world seemed good enough
 When this old pin was new!

IX

The years have come, the years have gone,
 With gray days and with bright,
 But still, thank God, my heart is young
 As on that vanished night
 When Zeta Psi to me drew nigh
 And whispered fond and true,
 "Boy, thou art mine and I am thine"—
 When this old pin was new!

WILLIAM H. McELROY, Theta, '60.

TELEGRAMS FROM ABSENTEES

THE CHAIRMAN: Brothers, I have two telegrams, out of a number, to read to you to-night. One is from Professor Truman Henry Safford, Rho, '54, and five members of Zeta, from Williamstown, Mass., in which he says:

Congratulations to the beloved Fraternity from brethren present at Williamstown, Mass.

Another is from Brother William Pepper, M.D., Sigma, '62, of Philadelphia, Pa., who was to have been with us to-night:

Imperatively called for consultation. Regret extremely. May peace, prosperity, and strength attend our Fraternity, and her centennial find our children and grandchildren in even closer relations. I have watched her influence for almost forty years. It is good and wholesome.—WILLIAM PEPPER.

Letters of regret have been received from General Frank Reeder, Tau, '63, secretary of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; Francis Rawle, Rho, '69, treasurer of the American Bar Association; Charles Custis Harrison, LL.D., Sigma, '62, provost of the University of Pennsylvania; Alexander T. McGill, LL.D., Omicron, '64, Chancellor of the State of New Jersey; and General Elisha Dyer, Epsilon, '59, Governor-elect of Rhode Island.

I now have the pleasure of reintroducing Brother William H. McElroy, Theta, '60, who will conduct the rest of the exercises as our toastmaster.

SPEECH OF THE MAGISTER BIBENDI

A WISE and witty man, who lives up in the Mohawk Valley, wrote a letter to a friend the other day, in which he said, "We are all growing old every day, and some nights." It occurred to me there was considerable wisdom in that reservation, for there are some nights when we do not grow old. There are nights which so refresh our friendships, which so enrich our sympathies, that, when they

are spent, we find ourselves younger than when they began. And this is one of those halcyon nights. You all remember the song of Bayard Taylor relating an affecting incident of the Crimean War. There came a time when, between battles, the English soldiers forgot all about blood and carnage, and then

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang *Annie Laurie*.

So here to-night each heart recalls its own Fraternity memories, but all sing Zeta Psi. I came down-town this morning to see Brother Israel Pierson (cheers for Pierson), and, as I walked along, I noticed over a bootblack's chair this sign, "All kinds of shine here"; then I said to myself, "Just so at the banquet to-night, there will be all kinds of shine—the shine of the past, the shine of the present, and the shine of the future; these three, but the best is the shine of reminiscence as we recall the days when, as sub-graduates, we plucked the four-leaved clover of life."

Brothers, my friend on the right, the Phi Alpha, Brother Le Roy Satterlee, in one of the interludes, said to me, "Fifteen days after this Society came into being, I came into being"; and I said to myself, "What presence of mind it was of Satterlee to be born the same year as Zeta Psi." And we here, remembering this fact, have thought it not unfitting, while we ourselves simply display the badge which is silver, to present him with a badge which is golden. I have been instructed to-night, in the midst of my weak and feeble remarks, to turn to him and say, "Here is a little pledge of our affection. Take it

[presenting to Brother Satterlee a golden Semi-Centennial medallion], and take with it the assurances of our distinguished consideration, of our regard and affection.”

DR. SATTERLEE: Dear Brothers, you certainly prepared a complete surprise for me, and it simply takes away words. I thank you most heartily, not only for the beautiful gift, but for the loving feeling which goes with it. You will, I have no doubt, excuse me from saying anything more, because my heart is too full to say anything. I simply thank you.

THE TOASTMASTER: The first speaker whom I have the pleasure of introducing to you has the proud distinction of being able to say to us, “All others came later.” He is the oldest member of our Fraternity. I say to him, as Daniel Webster once said to the Revolutionary survivors, “Venerable man, you have come down to us from a former generation”; and I may add that—such is the vigor-renewing influence of Zeta Psi—to-night Brother Carter is the youngest man among us. He has worthily borne the name of Zeta Psi. “Whatever record leap to light, he never shall be shamed.” With great pleasure and with all affection I present him to you.

SPEECH OF THE REV.

W. H. CARTER, D.D., PH.D., LL.D., PHI, '50

BROTHERS: There is an old proverb floating around somewhere that when a pitcher goes often to the well, it is sure to be broken at last. I do not know whether to wonder more at your patience, which is willing to listen to

me a second time, or at my assurance that permits me to speak to you again. But this afternoon Dr. Mott and I went down to see the old premises, of which I spoke last night, and we found them, at the corner of Division and Chrystie streets, just as they were fifty years ago—bar-room included. There was the old back entrance, and, I am sorry to say, we did not use it. I hope you will not misunderstand our motive when I tell you that the Doctor and I spent a long time in that bar-room. I suppose it was safer, from the fact that neither of us was quite willing to lose sight of the other. And this morning, when I was present at the Grand Chapter, and the committee brought in the nominations for officers, my mind went back to the old days, when there was no necessity for a nominating committee, because there were not members enough to fill all the offices. In those days the office sought the man.

I am very thankful, and I feel the honor that the Fraternity has still retained the motto that I had the pleasure of selecting, and I hope it will never be changed through any of the succeeding centennials. (Cries of “Never! Never!”) I am sure that that motto means everything that is true and just. It implies manhood and truth; it implies that self-respect which will not permit a man to do an unworthy deed; and, lest we should become too selfish, there is brotherly love, most comprehensive in its character, and which welcomes, as into a common house, every one initiated into the Fraternity. To-night I am reminded of another dinner at Delmonico’s, a little over forty-seven years ago. It was not in a hall so well appointed as this; but it was at the old Delmonico’s, below Wall Street, where the class of 1850 held its class dinner. We were, of course, very few in numbers; but what we lacked in numbers we tried to make up in lateness of hours. I am

almost ashamed to say that not a few of us found it convenient to sleep in the college chapel. Mott says that the reason we selected that as a place of slumber was that we might be on hand to see the sunrise from the top of the University tower. Perhaps he is right, but I don't remember anything about that.

It may be of interest, to the Phi Chapter especially, to know that it was the class of '50 that broke away from the old custom of holding Commencement exercises in a church. Our exercises were accompanied by a style of music which is not appropriate in a chapel. I had the honor of being the Chairman of the Room Committee, and when I had the hardihood to select the Astor Place Opera House my decision excited a tumult of opposition. Dear old Chancellor Frelinghuysen declared that he would not go and offer prayer in a play-house. So the class passed a resolution that we would take our diplomas in the college chapel, and then, under the auspices of the Mayor, who was ex-officio Chairman of the Council, we would hold the exercises in the opera house. I need hardly say that the class gained its day, and the Commencement was held in the opera house, to the joyous accompaniment of Dodworth's band.

I feel that the trip of two thousand miles has not been taken in vain. I am sure that I will go back feeling that the shadow upon the dial of time has been moved backward, feeling that I have renewed my youth; indeed, there is no distinction of age in the perpetual manhood of Zeta Psi. Brothers, I have been for over seventeen years chaplain of the State Lunatic Asylum, but I am not yet crazy enough to be willing to inflict you with a longer speech, and so I wish you all, individually, large prosperity and peace, and for the Fraternity an ever-increasing portion of power and influence.

THE TOASTMASTER: Lowell once said of Emerson that, down to the time of his death, he remained "the unwasted contemporary of his own prime"; I am sure we all feel that the years are going to be so good to Brother Carter that it will be always so with him. And now with very great pleasure I present to you one of the most distinguished of American statesmen—a man whom the American people, on a candid survey of his record, State and national, greet with the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant." (Cheers.) We may not all agree with him when it comes to politics, but we are at one in regarding him as loyal to his convictions and as an ardent lover of his country, a typical American, a noble product of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. I present Nelson Dingley, Jr., of Maine and the United States. (Great applause.)

SPEECH OF

NELSON DINGLEY, JR., LL.D., CHI, '55

BROTHERS: I wish to thank you, first of all, for this fraternal welcome. It carries me back in mind forty-five years ago, almost this very month, when I became a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity. I was a young man of nineteen, and to me that night and the days which followed were indeed redolent with all that you have expressed, Brother Toastmaster, in the poem which you have read to us to-night; and with the lapse of these many years I have not gotten over that feeling.

Forty-five years is a long period in a single life. It is a long period in the history of the Fraternity whose half-century we celebrate here to-night; and, by the way, in corroboration of our historian, I desire to say that when

I joined the Fraternity forty-five years ago, I was informed that it was five years of age. And I want to remind you, Brethren, that the fifty years which cover the history of the Zeta Psi Fraternity have been years filled with greater things than were ever known in any previous cycles of the world's history. In deeds, then, our Fraternity has lived long; and it has a history, too, of which we may well feel proud. If there were time—and there is not—I would like to let memory run loose to-night (cries of “Go on!” “Let her run!”), recalling the Brothers who have gone before and the Brothers who still live, whom I knew in the earlier days of this Fraternity, which we all love so ardently. I would like to speak of brethren whom I knew in those days, forty-five years ago; of Kalloch, that peerless pulpit orator, who died on the far-off Pacific coast; I would like to speak of Bradley, who in the Northwest won so great a reputation on the bench; I would like to speak of the Baldwins of Cincinnati, and of others who were with me who have left a deep impress in the walks of life in which they moved. But I will not detain you, tempted as I might be, to enter upon these interesting reminiscences. I tried my best to be with you yesterday, but having on my hands some rather complicated matters in the House of Representatives, I could not do so. But I was with you in spirit, although I was not here in person.

I have watched and have loved this Fraternity these forty-five years during which I have been connected with it. I have met in the halls of Congress, from time to time, Brothers, members of Zeta Psi from Maine, from Massachusetts, from North Carolina, from California, and from other parts of the country, who have attested the impress which this organization has made upon the country. I reiterate, Brothers, that we may indeed feel proud

of the record which Zeta Psi has made during the half century it has lived. But I desire to add another consideration, Brothers: no fraternity, no organization of the sort, has a right to live in this busy world, with all the opportunities that are before earnest men, unless it has an object, unless it resolutely aims to accomplish something for the good of the country, of our people, and of mankind. Now, has Zeta Psi, tried by this supreme test, shown itself worthy of living? Well, I think it has, and I want to point out to you a few reasons why I think so.

I suppose we all agree that there is no influence that tends so strongly to elevate the race, to accomplish the objects for which our government was established, as the influence that comes from the efforts of educated men and women. I suppose we all agree that the graduates who go out yearly from our universities and colleges, equipped specially for leadership in all the activities of life, are most useful in holding high the standard of living, and in strengthening the ties which bind men together. All this is axiomatic; and it necessarily follows that the college fraternities (which, like our own, are composed of men united by common tastes and aspirations, men who have enjoyed not only the discipline which an institution of the higher education affords, but the scarcely less valuable discipline of a fraternity "chapter") send their sons out into the world well equipped to render the world good and faithful service. Our dearly loved Zeta Psi is not confined in its scope and influence to the United States. We have strong, progressive, thoroughly loyal Chapters across the line in Canada. So we may well boast that "the whole boundless continent is ours,"—ours to labor for, ours to infuse with the spirit of Zeta Psi, which is the spirit of true brotherhood. The time has gone by for college officials to antagonize college fraternities. These

officials have come to realize that, however it may have been once, the college fraternities of to-day—possibly not all of them, but certainly the best of them, like Zeta Psi—are a positive influence for good, and as such are deserving of cordial encouragement.

I do not desire, Brothers, at this late hour, to detain you more than a moment longer. I wish simply to say, in closing, that I congratulate you on this auspicious occasion. I congratulate you that these fifty years of the life of the Zeta Psi Fraternity have been productive of such beneficent influences, and that we are permitted to gather here to-night, representatives of the four or five thousand members of our Fraternity, to bind closer the ties which have held us in fraternal relations during these years, and to extend to one another the congratulations and the helpful aid coming from the contact of man with man. I thank you especially, personally, for the opportunity to be present here to-night. This occasion is to me an exceedingly agreeable one—the opportunity which I have had to take so many of the Brothers by the hand to-night, so many whom I have heard of in years which are past, so many whom I have met on different occasions, and to extend to you the deep fraternal feelings which I cherish toward each and all. And I trust that this semi-centennial occasion, marking fifty years of the history of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, is only an indication—and a faint indication—of the grand triumphs which await it in the next fifty years of its sure and steady progress.

THE TOASTMASTER: Brethren, the distinguished novelist Howells once remarked at a great dinner in Boston, that, knowing that he would not be called upon to speak, he had not prepared himself; “but,” he added, “knowing

that the unexpected always happens, I did prepare myself." At the risk of severing a personal friendship which has been one of the chief delights of my life, I have determined to summon as the next speaker a man who told me that under no circumstances would he get up here to-night. Gentlemen, I know you all want to hear from our well-beloved and honored Brother, the Rev. Dr. Charles De W. Bridgman.

SPEECH OF THE
REV. CHARLES DE W. BRIDGMAN, D.D., PH.D., '55

I HAVE been told that certain speakers at banquets disarrange the whole system of the hotel or restaurant at which the festivities are held, and that when McElroy speaks waiters crowd to the door, and that the old fable is repeated, that Orpheus sings so sweetly that Eurydice from the kitchen comes up. It was to hear him, with some of the speakers that had been announced, that I broke away from an engagement to be here for a little while to-night.

I reach back of Mr. Dingley to forty-seven years ago. The enthusiasms of those old days have been rekindled, and I rejoice to realize that, out of the small size of the Fraternity of those days, it has come to be one of the great Greek-letter societies of the country. And I recognize here to-night those who are the representatives of the land across the border, and as I have seen the expressions of unity, the denotements of brotherhood, I thought of a voyage I made a little while ago. One Sunday afternoon we heard singing from the steerage passengers, gathered midway between the section assigned to the first-

class passengers and the section assigned to the second-class; and finally, as they began one old familiar hymn, the second-class passengers joined in; slowly at first, and finally with enthusiasm, the first-class joined in, and from that assembly, first-, second-, and third-class, rose one volume of praise, expressive of the one love and the one faith. So to-night, looking over this large company, and knowing that in it were representatives not only of our own land but of the land we love across the border which seems to belong to us, there came back the impression of the old hymn; and in these signs and these expressions of hearty good will I see what Zeta Psi is accomplishing, binding classes together and different nationalities together in their common love for the great Fraternity that is impressing itself more and more upon the life of the Union. And these gatherings will not only increase your own love for the Fraternity, but they will give an impulse that through coming years will serve for its enlargement and the deepening of its influence upon the life, not simply of classes, but of the people at large.

So, because of the established relations of almost fifty years, I want to be identified with that Fraternity, and I hail it with joy and gladness and with thanksgiving. God bless you in your individual relations, and the Fraternity to which we all have pledged our loyalty and patriotism.

THE TOASTMASTER: Brother Dingley, in his remarks, said that this was the greatest century in the history of the world. I knew he was not referring to *The Century Magazine*, although we have a distinguished member of the staff of that magazine here with us this evening. It has occurred to me, though, as I stand here, that although speech is silver and silence is golden, we all love a good

song. I remember that Billy Florence, in his famous play, was asked if he ever sang, and he replied, "Those who have heard me say I do not." It is different with Israel C. Pierson, and I call upon him to lead one of the famous songs which we always love to sing.

The song "*Zeta Psi, we pledge to-night*" was sung, Brother Pierson leading.

THE TOASTMASTER: The next speaker on the list, Austen G. Fox, Rho, '69, is unavoidably absent, which is a source of great regret to us. In his place, I have great pleasure in calling upon a Zeta from whom we always like to hear, Brother John W. Bennett, known to his admiring intimates as "Jack" Bennett.

SPEECH OF THE HON. JOHN W. BENNETT, PHI, '53

MR. TOASTMASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE FRATERNITY: The hour is late, and it is impossible that I should say anything that would add to what has been so eloquently, so earnestly, and so Zeta-Psi-ingly said here to-night. I can scarcely realize that it is nearly forty-seven years since Brother Van Hoesen, who was here to-night, and the late Dr. White called at my house and invited me to become a Zeta Psi. I was a sophomore and, of course, had to be taken in; and I was taken in, and it is impossible that I should adequately express to you the very great honor that I felt was conferred upon me. It is sufficient for me to tell you that I thoroughly appreciated it, and feel proud and glad to be numbered among the semi-centennials here

this evening; and for this your invitation to speak I also feel thankful and glad and proud.

The event that has been commemorated this evening, and in which we all take so much interest, is one that appeals to all our hearts. I can now bring before me, in my mind's eye, that event when, fifty years ago, that noble band, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, the glorious Zeta Psi, came into existence, and when Brother Sommers, our founder, and Brother Carter, associated with him, presided at its birth. To my mind, it was the greatest event in their lives—it certainly would have been in mine—first to raise that banner which we glorify, blazoned with that legend, the significance of which, we all know, is exemplified in our motto, “Tau Kappa Phi.” I regret that I should not have been prepared to give you the early reminiscences of our Chapter. It was my pleasure and my privilege to be associated with it during the three years of my life in college. If I had the time I would love to talk of those Brothers with whom I came in contact, whether in college or later on in my life upon the frontier of the West, or on the boulevards of Paris. In 1854, in Paris, I met Brother Appleton, of the Delta Chapter. It was to me, and it is to any of the brethren away from home, a delight to meet one of our number.

I shall not detain you longer with what might be said upon this very fruitful occasion, but if you will permit me I will propose a toast: The Zeta Psi Fraternity—May it continue to grow and to prosper, and to illustrate for all time the qualities that have adorned its past, and to strive, as never before, to show forth in its membership the bright side of humanity, the presentation of “Tau Kappa Phi.” (The toast was drunk standing.)

THE TOASTMASTER: Brothers, you will agree with me that no feast of this kind would be adequate unless we heard from the modern Athens. Somebody defines a Bostonian to be a man who, when he is in Rome, does as the Bostonians do. Boston is by common consent one of the most sterling cities of the country, and we have with us one of her most sterling citizens, the Commander of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery, Colonel Henry Walker.

SPEECH OF
COLONEL HENRY WALKER, RHO, '55

MR. CHAIRMAN AND BROTHERS: The unexpected has happened, and I feel very much that I would like to get out of this trouble. But I also feel, as the woman said when her husband was dead and her friends condoled with her and they wanted to know if he was resigned, "Resigned! Why, he had to be!" That is just about the way I feel now.

Boston is the hub of the universe. I am not going back on it. Of course I am very glad to be here. I *was* in command of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and that is a fact of which I am very proud. I think that the men from other sections of this country may well be proud of it, too, for the simple tribute I wish to pay to the Company which did me the honor of electing me its commander is that when it went abroad, in 1896, it carried the white flag of Massachusetts and the starry banner of the Union, and it brought them back unstained and unspotted. (Applause.) Never for one moment did a single man of that organization forget that he was an American to the core, that America was great enough

and grand enough and broad enough to give to the old motherland all the credit she deserved, and to take the hand which the majesty of Britain held out to us as the representative of this country. And I want to say about one other matter that has been touched upon, that from the time we alighted on the shore of England until the day we left it,—frequenting, as we did, every club, and though there was opened to us friendly contact with every class of people,—never from the lips of man, woman or child did we hear the first word of complaint, the first hostile criticism, the first unkind allusion to this grand land of ours. And so we felt, as we feel to-day, that bearing first allegiance to our own flag, owning our fealty to that, this nation can afford to stretch out its hand across the water to the old mother country in peace and good will. (Applause.)

It certainly gives me great pleasure to see so many here to-night, as I know it does every other Brother here, because it tells us that the old Zeta Psi is flourishing throughout the land, that through this land and through the neighboring province of Canada (cheers) the spirit of brotherhood, of peace and good will, is living and growing. It has done us great good to come here, and we will go from this festival better men, more deeply impressed by our motto. The old giant in mythology, whenever he touched mother earth, became stronger and fresher for the fight; and so, meeting here and clasping each other's hands and looking into each other's faces, we feel that we are made better and stronger. There is no nobler motto than that which we carry upon our banner, and there is no time when the practice of the principles which it teaches could be better put in operation than now. With the flood of ignorance coming from other shores, it is time that the educated men of the land should come together and, hand

in hand, strive to stop that awful flood which is a menace of the common welfare.

We come here from all parts of the land. The little rivulet starts up in the mountain and races down and joins another little rivulet, and they combine from all over until they form a great rushing body of water that sweeps everything before it. So we, in the spirit of Zeta Psi, come from all over the land and send forth a combined influence which must be for the good, not only of the individuals who exert it, but of the State, the community, and the country which they represent. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, I thank you, my Brothers, for this kind and generous reception, and I hope that for many a year to come we shall meet together under the banner of Zeta Psi.

THE TOASTMASTER: We will now have the pleasure of listening to a representative of one of our Southern Chapters. Our Southern Chapters are very dear to us, and the Brother who will speak for them is worthy of them,—the eloquent Judge R. T. W. Duke, Beta, '74.

SPEECH OF R. T. W. DUKE, JR., BETA, '74

THERE has always been one great mystery to me in life, and that was why I loved, in my sophomore days, Rochester beer. There was a sparkle and a glorious burst about it, with no after effects, that I never understood till I heard Rochester—in the person of our toastmaster—sparkling from the platform to-night. Although the impromptu speech, that I generally carefully prepare two or three months before I am called upon, was delivered last night, I feel that I can ransack away back from my early boyhood some reminiscence that will not be unwel-

come in this closing hour. I expected this thing. I am a good deal like an old friend of mine when he made his first trip upon a railroad. He and his good wife got on the train and started out until they struck what we know down in Virginia as "the high trestle." It is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and when the train struck it the old fellow said, "Good God! Sallie, sit down," and when they struck the other side he arose himself and said, "Thank God, Sallie, it's lit at last!" So I have been waiting for this thing to light, and, now that it has lit, what can I say?

I come from the South, but I am not *of* the South alone. I am an American, and in America I claim as my brothers those who honored the flag of my sires before George Washington's coat of arms became the flag of the Union. (Applause.) If there is needed a single tribute to the universality of the Zeta Psi, let me say to-night that I, a dyed-in-the-wool free-trader, bid God-speed and success, in all his efforts for his country's good, to the dyed-in-the-wool protectionist (Brother Dingley) who has spoken to-night. I, too, was once a protectionist—about thirty-five years ago; the sort of wool we used to "protect" down in my neighborhood was worth about eight hundred dollars a head. It is true that my distinguished friend, along with a great many other good men and noble fellows, took the protection which we had put upon that wool and made free trade of it. But I tell him to-night, as I said last night, that in the great throng of men who meet here this week to celebrate your hero's (General Grant's) entombment, no hearts will breathe a heartier or more sincere Amen to your prayers than those of my rebel sire and his rebel son. I remember in those dark days, when the President of the Union showed his warrant for the arrest of the noblest man God ever gave to Old Virginia, he who sleeps enshrined on yonder height said,

“Mr. Johnson, my word was pledged to Lee and Lee’s men that they should remain in their homes unmolested till exchanged; and if you dare to lay your hand upon them, by the living God! I will summon my army against you.” And no matter what bitterness may have been in the past, no matter what heart-burnings may have then separated us, remembering those words to-day, I bow my head with you and claim Grant as *my* hero, as well as Lee.

But the night grows young. Would to God we could grow with the night! But I tell you that in these anniversaries, despite the crown that nature has taken from my brow, I am as young as the youngest of you in Zeta Psi. They say that we in the South have warm hearts. I believe we have. We probably gush a little bit, now and then. But when it comes down to good, hard, honest loving, commend me to the Yankee. I ought to know, because I married a part Yankee girl. I bring you to-night, on behalf of the Southern Zetes, the greeting of the old Commonwealth—she who was born before the Union was born; she whose people claim their proudest heritage in their English blood and their English devotion to liberty and to truth. I bring to you, my Brothers, this message: “We are with you all, in all that is good, in all that is true; and upon all good government, founded in honor and founded in brotherly love. We pray God’s blessing that, from now hence, oblivious of self, we may together strive for the glory of a united people.” I love these unions—not because I am generally called upon to speak at them. I love to talk; I love, particularly, to talk to boys, because I am one of them. And if there is anything I love to hear, it is an old boy filled up, not with Rochester beer, but with Attic wit, and with the glorious spirit that will keep him young till the centennial of Zeta Psi.

And now, lest I trespass upon the day that my dear old mother used to devote to the Shorter Catechism (I never understood why it was called "Shorter"), let me say once again, that I go back to the Old Dominion with a heart filled with love, not for the Old Dominion alone; I think of her as she was when the King gave her her first charter, which ran from the James River five hundred miles to the north and five hundred miles to the south, from sea to sea; and in Zeta Psi and in union I claim you all Virginians, and greet you Brothers.

THE TOASTMASTER: Brothers, before we conclude these festivities, the Grand Officers are to be installed, and, that duty done, we will close with a Zeta Psi song. We will now have the installation of the Grand Officers.

The following officers were then installed:

Francis S. Keese, Delta, '62, Phi Alpha.

Charles E. Ronaldson, Sigma, '68, Alpha Phi Alpha.

Thomas Ives Chatfield, Eta, '93, Sigma Alpha.

Walter A. Weed, Jr., Zeta, '92, Alpha Sigma Alpha.

Albert Buchman, Psi, '79, Gamma Alpha.

Marshall S. Brown, Epsilon, '92, Sigma Rho Alpha.

Israel C. Pierson, Phi, '65, Delta Alpha.

The semi-centennial dinner was concluded with the song and adjournment after the most ancient order.

FAREWELL ODE

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne"

Dear brothers, now the hour has come
When we must part again,
As hand to hand and heart to heart
We form a living chain.

One warmer grasp before we part,
And then to each good-bye.
May peace, prosperity, and strength
Attend our Zeta Psi!

WILLIAM HENRY CARTER, Phi, '50.
(Written in 1848.)

CHARACTER AND CULTURE

Delivered before the Grand Chapter Convention, Providence, R. I.,
February 22, 1902, by Elisha Dyer, Epsilon, '59.

Most Worthy Phi Alpha and Brothers:

It was with many misgivings that I finally consented to undertake the part assigned me at this gathering of our own distinguished brethren. It is a far cry back to the fifties of the last century, and recollections of college days have only survived in the life-long friendships made and nurtured during those delightful years. But there has been through all this time a subtle influence, an unrecognized something speaking in the quiet hours of life that brought back the principles I had been taught as a brother of Zeta Psi. It was while wondering what I could possibly say that I found in the Semi-Centennial Volume the very theme for which I had been seeking. In the valedictory of its founder, more than fifty years ago, he said:

“An honorable reputation, a broad and self-respecting character among ourselves. Our reputation must be obtained among our fellow-students in the University. And there it will depend on our standing as students and upon our individual characters. When either of these is wanting there is a defect which will hinder us from obtaining those whom we should most desire to call our brothers, for no amount of genius can compensate for want of char-

acter.” In the same volume, and written some fifty years after the words I have quoted were spoken, I find this record:

“The Fraternity has never departed from the basal principles laid down by its founder. It has demanded character and culture as the first requisites for membership in Zeta Psi.”

And so, my Brothers, I shall ask you to consider with me, for a few moments, Character and Culture and their relation to the times in which we live.

Character, not that which is carved out of cold abstract ideals, but character such as we should find in the professions, in the market-place, and last but not least, in public life.

Culture, not that exquisite creation of refined education and opportunity, but culture as it brightens and smooths the pathway of daily life.

Seriously considered, the beginning of the new century does not promise to be a character-building age. The spirit of commercialism, the greed for money, the lavish and wicked throwing away of wealth for those things which perish in the using, are sapping the very foundations of that grand old American character that was born in the weakness of Colonial days and is dying amid the greatness of a mighty empire.

In its early days this country of ours stood for the purest democracy, the democracy of thought and purpose—then added to itself the aristocracy of learning and ideas; while to-day, when higher education was never so widespread, scholars never so plentiful, this great American nation seems dangerously near oligarchical plutocracy.

What has character to do with a condition it was powerless to prevent? It has everything to do. Above the

ring of the vast money-getters of the hour character must come boldly to the front. Even more than that—in every transaction between man and man it must be present to stand for honesty, for uprightness and the golden rule. In the churches the purity of character must be preached. In the schools uprightness of character must be taught. In the courts character must be protected. In the market-place it must be given its full value in every trade.

To the college graduate one instinctively turns for the exemplification of character. Four years of careful training under able teachers must, if rightly used, leave a lasting imprint on the man.

In the administration of public affairs there is an increasing need of men of high character. The State has a right to expect of college-bred men some portion of their knowledge and their influence in keeping clean and healthy the body politic, and in the solution of the problems that confront popular government to-day.

Unlike that foolish Greek of old who when importuned to take public office declared that he would have nothing to do with the management of public affairs until public affairs should be better managed, our college-bred men, in their several spheres and according to the measure they have received, should give to the State no meagre portion of their learning toward the advancement, welfare and security of the community in which they live.

And culture: if to the man of high character is added great culture, you have the ideal citizen, a giant among men.

The power, the opportunity for doing good to his fellow-men, is almost without limit to the cultured man of character. Culture is never out of place, nor out of season. No man is so ignorant that he does not recognize it. No man so wise that he does not appreciate it in others.

Of this great achievement it can be said as a celebrated English scholar has written of great thoughts: "The course of great thoughts is, in some way, like the course of great rivers. Most romantic and beautiful near their source, they are not most useful. They must leave the mountains in which they first appeared and flow not in cataracts, but smoothly along the plain among the dwellings of common men, before they can be turned to account in the every-day business of life."

It is a great privilege that is mine to-night. Honor it is enough to be numbered among those whose pleasure it is to entertain this eminent body of elders; to speak before them is a greater honor still.

I know I am but speaking the sentiments of those of us who were active in Epsilon well-nigh fifty years ago, when I tell you, Brothers of the Grand Chapter, that the mantle of the founder has fallen upon worthy shoulders in Epsilon and that the principles of our beloved order are carefully preserved and affectionately watched through all the changing years.

There are two flags here to-night; God grant that they may always be together. There was a time when it was said, when they fought side by side, that blood was thicker than water, and I believe that the English-speaking people are doing all they can for the happiness of mankind, and that all glory will come to those of us who do the best we can for the good of our fellow-men.

My sincerest thanks are yours, my Brothers, for your patience in listening to the meagre offering I bring to the altar of our order and reverently lay upon it in Tau Kappa Phi.

THE FULL SIGNIFICANCE OF ZETA PSI

BY JUDGE AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, Upsilon, '64

LET me repeat a few of my often expressed thoughts in relation to the origin, mission, and influence of Zeta Psi. In the name of an exalted friendship I greet the host of Zetes, who are always responsive to the mandates of laws ordained and reverential to the customs honored by time's recognition, and who are gathered in this metropolis to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary. They represent leading colleges and universities of the northern half of the Western Hemisphere, and reflect all the professions,—ministry, medicine, law, teaching, authorship, journalism; also the arts and sciences and vocations—commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural.

I ask you to follow me back to the moment when I, with sadness, bade farewell to the halls of the old Upsilon Chapter, telling my associates within her sacred precincts that whatever should be my lot in the struggle for existence, success, and position, the lesson of brotherly love there taught and friendships there formed would be never-ceasing and never-fading in this world or in the world to come. The mind revolts against the theory of annihilation, and I have yet to meet face to face its advocate. I stand here to proclaim and testify before this most cultivated audience that, in the light of the experiences of a busy life, nothing has occurred to shake my faith in those farewell declarations, so far as they related to the imperishableness of love and friendship. The mere thought of that period revives the dearest memories of the glorious college days of my boyhood, that grow brighter and brighter when contrasted with the sterner realities of the

subsequent life. Within the mysterious confines of that Chapter, I was taught the true principles of friendship; there I learned to esteem, revere, and love my fellow-man; there I learned the true rule for the regulation of man in social intercourse and communion, viz.: mutual forbearance. This simple but potential lesson has been of immeasurable value and satisfaction in the journey over the path of life for twenty years—the heat of the sunny clime of Carolina is truly typical of the intense warmth of the affection of the Upsilon's sons for their Zeta Psi brethren of the constant North, liberal East, and frank West!

Casual examination demonstrates that all enduring institutions are based on some of the true principles of the philosophy of man, though often associated with errors. Their divinity may not be identical in name or conception, but none of them antagonize the immutable rule that man's influence for good will be promoted by the development of intellect, honor, and affection. Searching investigation of the organic law, symbols, escutcheons, badges, signs, mottoes, and traditions of our "mystic circle" unfolds the fact that our founders were deep and exhaustive students of the economy of man in his various relations. They reflected deeply on the eternal laws of nature and morality, traced them to their source, penetrated the philosophy of man to its very foundation, erected upon its true principles, which no creed questions, the institution of Zeta Psi, and put these truths in active practice under a bond of secrecy and a pledge of fidelity in the exercise thereof. Zeta Psi teaches that earthly man is finite, with a beginning and an end,—an Alpha and Omega of life,—thereby recognizing necessarily a divinity, creator, first cause, or evolution. The seeming wide difference between these is often dissipated by an impartial analysis of the functions ascribed to each by its advocates.

That man was shaped by a creator none doubts, though as to the instruments and materials with which this wonderful creation has been accomplished, a Luther and a Darwin might differ. Our noble founders furnished us the instruments with which man, once created, can be converted into a Zete clothed with the true and spotless garments of affection.

In darkness the infant is born helpless—to be developed by light; so the seed of friendship in man is germinated by the light and warmth shed by Zeta Psi upon her initiated sons. She demands from them that purity, innocence, gentleness, and beauty belonging to duteous brethren; that submission to the authority of fraternal love which

The strong, the brave, the virtuous and the wise
Links in soft captivity together,

and upon which good government and pure society must ever depend. The ripest and most luscious fruit of the tree of manly affection is *toleration*; the development of America is more indebted to toleration than to all other causes combined. She demands from them that diligence in study which assures dominion by the development of the mind, for the fruition of mind enables man to subdue the powers of nature and to separate and combine them according to his want, and thus he is made master of the earth, covering it with harvests, villages, and cities, all brought in close association and communion by the annihilators of distance and time—steam and electricity; master of the sea, covering it with ships floating at ease over its unfathomed abysses; master of the elements—fire, air, light, and water, docile slaves of his sovereign

will. Zeta Psi also demands of her sons attention to eloquence, which persuades and carries all with it—

Oh! Eloquence,
Listening Senates hang upon thy tongue;

attention to composition—written thoughts to be preserved from time's decay, and from which man, any distance from the thinker, and in all ages, can, as from a well, draw the inspiration of combined mental labor; attention to poetry—one of those mysterious things reflecting love and hate, war and peace, joy and grief, “the fragrance of human knowledge, human thought, human passions, emotion, language”; attention to music—the common language of nature, of the waves and winds, of man and bird; she fires the warrior, assuages grief with charm of heaven and earth. All these lead to the marriage of honor and affection, blending together our Brotherhood; conferring strength and prosperity in harmonious fellowship; ever upholding the noblest sentiment planted in the human breast—Charity!

For forty years the unsympathetic professor has been asking the question, Shall these Greek-letter societies live? and he himself has answered *No*, without consultation with or consideration of those most deeply interested in their mission. The professor answers *No*; Fate answers *Yes, forever*; and points with pride to the combined strength of such societies—eight hundred Chapters, with a membership of 100,000 college-educated men, in the United States alone.

What does Zeta Psi mean? The ineffable commingling in harmony of *intellect, honor, and affection*. What is her mission? The development of this trinity to its fullest measure. We have been told by those who never drank

at her pure fountain that Zeta Psi, with her five thousand sons, honoring the legislative halls of Congress and thirty-eight States of the United States,—honoring, also, the Canadian Parliament, the bench, all professions, and all the leading vocations,—cannot live. These iconoclasts, before asking me to believe as they do, must first convince me that the mind needs no exercise, and that the true moral code has been obliterated from human memory; that man is by nature a recluse and not a social being, and so should recognize no duty or obligation to his fellow-men; that man, single-handed, can accomplish more than with the assistance and coöperation of his fellows; and that government itself is pernicious to man's welfare and happiness.

The impossibility of a single mortal investigating the mysteries of earth and sea and sky necessitates the union of forces and the division of labor in such researches, and Zeta Psi has taken it upon herself to teach those at the impressible age of youth this law of political economy. She shows that a single individual's power of grasping the extent of knowledge is a small part of the whole, and dwells upon the necessity of recognizing this impotence of the individual. She insists that each man is only a link in the grand circle of the phenomena of knowledge, morality, and affection, enforcing the lesson by means of her own mystic circle.

These iconoclasts further charge that we have secrets "from the faculty." Do not all intimacies of associations import secrecy? Is it not something in common, yet exclusive as to the rest of the world, that brings men together in friendship? Does not each family circle circumscribe the secrets belonging to that family? Does not the law commend secrets in proclaiming the communications privileged between husband and wife, attorney and

client, physician and patient, and minister and parishioner?

It is charged that these fraternities tend to familiarize the students with politics. In this day of representative forms of government, will any one contend that the educated shall not learn the lesson of politics? The institution failing to encourage this branch of the sciences is unworthy of the patronage of those seeking education and development. Such an institution is the open enemy of free government. The lesson of politics learned and practised at the colleges under the influence of these fraternities will materially aid the educated to preserve our institutions. Does any one suppose that the large attendance at the colleges in this land of work is simply to enable the student to learn Greek, Latin, and the higher branches of mathematics? No. Our colleges aim to turn out practical as well as educated men; our colleges are little worlds, where, on a smaller scale, the activities of the larger world are engaged in. What the family is to the community, or the community is to the government, the Greek-letter society is to the college world.

Monotony wastes both matter and mind. The constant dripping, drop by drop, of water upon the hard rock does not more surely diminish the same by attrition than the incessant dripping, drop by drop, of business cares and troubles wears upon both mind and body of man. This irksome sameness moved the adventurous spirits of centuries since to traverse the then unknown countries in search of the "fountain of everlasting youth." Relief from this weariness, from the want of variety, and the gratification of the desire for the fountain of youth for the aged can be found only in the intimate connection of the joys of youth with the severities of matured life. Zeta Psi is this connecting link. Often have I relaxed, amidst

the most pressing cares, into a reverie in search of rest, and have been wafted back in memory to the days of my boyhood, when my college associates would appear, and invariably I recognized foremost in the group the bright and cheerful faces of friends of my youth, some dead, some living; and on the brow of each I saw plainly our motto, "Tau Kappa Phi." For the affection of a Zete for a Zete is like the lava-beds that burn in Ætna's breast of flames. I was either deceived, or a sable cloud did turn forth her silver lining on the night I entered the "Mystic Circle." Inquire of yourselves, as I have of myself, why I entertain such a high regard and warm feeling for the Zete I have never seen; reflection answers, The bond between us is a sworn loyalty to the same moral and fraternal code that produces the mutual warmth of friendship.

VERSES INSPIRED BY AND DEDICATED
TO ZETA PSI

*O Zeta Psi, dear Zeta Psi,
Forever, as the years go by,
Thy minstrels, gathering at thy knee,
Fond tune their harps and sing of thee!*

TWENTY YEARS OF ZETA PSI

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
New York, December 26, 1867

I go back twenty years to-night and bring to mind the
days
When, with my college peers, I strove to win scholastic
bays,
And varied the routine of tasks, laborious and dry,
By joining in the mystic rites of glorious ZETA PSI.

I see, in that far retrospect, that little band of ours;
Which held its conclaves just beyond where lordly Grey-
lock towers;
For I 'm a Berkshire boy and sought my academic
knowledge
In what you might be pleased to term a mere "freshwater
college."

O, very pleasant were the hours we spent within the
place
Where our enthroned Hierophant alone unveiled his face,
Vouchsafing intellectual food to each and every one,
And eke the generous dessert of good-fellowship and fun.

What rousing times we used to have, electioneering then,
When each Commencement day brought on a bevy of
fresh men;
When every society disparaged all the others,
And reaped the annual harvest of its new inducted
brothers!

I 've been a politician since, and mingled in the brawls
Of primaries and caucuses and legislative halls;
And watched political machines, and been within the ring,
And buttonholed the Governor and all that sort of thing;

But ne'er within my memory did affairs of such concern
Depend on human strategy or fate's capricious turn,
As those contentions—who should hold the favorite
positions,
And bear away the honors at the college exhibitions!

And when it chanced to gladden my enthusiastic eye,
'That on the victor's person flashed the badge of ZETA PSI,
I tell you 't was a prize unmatched by any later toys,—
For men still clutch their playthings and are simply older
boys.

The youth who leads a college clique will, doubtless, lead
a clan
Somewhere, upon a larger scale, when he becomes a man;
And he whom all his cronies hailed a jovial, genial fellow,
Will hold his own, e'en when the leaf of life is sere and
yellow.

The boys of twenty years ago! as I recall them now,
Alternate shade and sunshine seem to flit across my brow;
I follow down the catalogue the old names, one by one,
And note with various sentiments what time for each has
done.

There 's one is U. S. Senator; and two or three determine
The weighty matters of the law and wear judicial ermine;
And some have found the source of wealth remarkably
prolific,
Upon the far Nevada's heights and shores of the Pacific.

Some argue causes at the bar and legal quibbles moot,
And some—Lord help them!—strive to “teach the young
ideas to shoot”;

Some deal in goods and merchandise, with manners bland
and pleasing,
And some the tortured purse of poor old Uncle Sam are
squeezing.

Some grace the pulpit and proclaim the everlasting Word;
Some, in the latter pregnant times, have wielded well the
sword;

And one—a mighty handsome chap—a veritable Paris,
Has simply raised a fine mustache and carried off an
heiress!

Some boast a goodly heritage and live aloof from cares,
Some operate in fancy stocks among the “Bulls” and
“Bears”;

Some scribble for the papers and employ the art phonetic,
Some wake the oratoric strain and some the strain poetic.

And some, in life’s bright morning, have responded to
the call

Which, soon or late, shall send forth its alarum to us all;
I count upon that little list the death stars—they are
seven—

So many old-time friends have sped from earth, we trust,
to Heaven.

But turn we now to witness, after lapse of twenty years,
How fair a thing and vigorous our ZETA PSI appears;
From tiny seed, on welcome soil, the forest monarchs
grow,

And they who plant do oftentimes plant wiser than they
know.

The tender shoot whose destiny no mortal might foresee,
Hath grown and flourished and become a very banian-
tree;
And hundreds of ingenuous youths beneath its bowers
have strayed,
To hear the whispering of its leaves and linger 'neath its
shade.

We build our own best monuments; our own deeds, after
all,
Outlast the brass or marble or the niche in storied hall;
Well saith the poet, we ourselves "can make our lives
sublime,
And departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of
Time."

I know not whether simple slab or more pretentious pile
Repeats the tale that SOMMERS¹ lived and wrought on
earth awhile.

What recks he, since in hearts like these shall be en-
shrined his name,
And Time itself shall only add fresh laurels to his fame!

And now, dear brothers, standing here, within your midst,
I seem
Like mythic Rip Van Winkle, softly wakened from a
dream;
Emotions, passing sweetest song, my inmost heart o'er-
flow,
As I renew the vows to-day of twenty years ago.

I feel it was a kindly act rejuvenating me,
Who watched the infant stem erewhile and now behold
the tree;

¹ John B. Yates Sommers, the founder of the Zeta Psi Fraternity.

The choruses of bygone years repeat their glad refrain,
And I am Heaven's favorite—a college boy again!

And now, long live our ZETA PSI! and as the years roll
round,
May roots and branches new on our fraternal tree be
found;
And, ever and anon, beneath its overhanging boughs,
May it be ours to congregate and ratify our vows.

And you, my younger brethren, pray remember that to me
And my compeers you owe it now to cultivate the tree;
So shall it thrive, and may kind Heaven vouchsafe that
you and I
May live to see our grandsons wear the badge of ZETA PSI.

SAMUEL B. SUMNER, Zeta, '49.

“OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS”

Read at the Banquet of the Northwestern Association,
Chicago, June 8, 1883

Old boys, young boys, lads middle-aged,
And lads with beards like snow,
How quick time passes our heads,
But through our hearts how slow!
We all exchange our wonted age
One night in every year,
The patriarch a boy appears,
The youth becomes a seer!

The frost that gathered on the brows
Exposed to care and pain,

THE JUBILEE OF THE

Has melted at the touch of youth
Like snows in April rain;
The furrows which old time has plowed
To show how decades pass,
Are leveled by the passing smile
Or hidden by the laugh.

We 're in the prime of life to-night,
With just enough of age—
We have the health of rosy youth,
The wisdom of the sage;
We eat the ripened fruit of hope,
We quaff "the wine of joy,"
We treasure up the gold of truth,
And leave the base alloy.

High summer reigns in heart and field,
No clouds in brain or sky,
Before our strong and tireless feet
The plains of promise lie;
There 's music in the choir and grove,
That cheers us as we speed;
We hasten to the bright reward
Of noble word and deed.

We 've riches that the world knows not,
And joys none other share,
The mystic circle which we form
Excludes all toil and care;
The spring which Ponce de Leon sought
With martial pomp and pride,
The healing pool the angel charmed,
Are flowing at our side!

Then let us prize our transient joys,
And hope for bliss above—
That long reunion with the boys
Still living in our love;
Their names are written in the book—
Suggestive *stars* are nigh—
They have the high Grand Chapter formed
Above the radiant sky.

RODNEY WELCH, Chi, '52.

THE BIRTH OF ZETA PSI

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
New York, January 4, 1884

PRELUDE

Brothers of the mystic circle, simple is the strain I bring,
As a child who from the woodland plucks the violets of
spring;

Plucks them for the home's adorning, not for luxury's
display,
So I come upon this hearthstone lowly offering to lay.

For to-night my thought goes backward, and through
memory's soft haze
Pass, as in a changing drama, pleasant scenes of college
days,

And the brightest of the visions brings the happy faces
nigh,
Of the friends I love the dearest—brothers of the Zeta Psi!

Loving voice in loving greeting fills a youthful heart once
more,
Sweet yet far, as ocean's toilers catch the music of the
shore.

Well I know that as the dreaming fades within the morn-
ing light,
So has youth in manhood vanished, nevermore to cheer
the sight;

Well I know that many a footstep which by mine youth's
pathway trod,
Nevermore my heart shall quicken till I tread the hills of
God.

For those friends, as for the brothers who such brother-
hood prolong,
Bring I here the votive off'ring of these lowly flowers of
song;

And as in this bright reunion pleasant fancies bird-like
fly,
Let the fancy of a singer tell the birth of Zeta Psi.

POEM

Friendship, from out her starry height,
Chanced on a day to wing her flight
Where rose the groves that Plato loved,
And seekers after wisdom roved.
She saw beneath the classic shade
The glowing bands of youth arrayed,
And marked with joy, herself unseen,
Aspiring glance and thoughtful mien.

“Be mine,” said Friendship, “now to bring
Fresh gifts to the Pierian spring,
And build within these shades a shrine
Where tendrils of the heart may twine.
Minerva, howe’er stern she be,
May surely grant from these for me,
Till stronger in the strength I yield,
Again they seek her gleaming shield.”

She turned from paths trod to the stone,
And sought a glade retired, alone;
Fair trees above it waved their green,
Fair landscapes in the breaks were seen.
There rose the shrine at Friendship’s call,
With massive gate and towering wall,
Where all secure might gather those
Whom for her votaries she chose.

Completed all those walls at last,
Forth to the strong again she passed;
She sought not merely grace of youth,
But grave sincerity and truth;
And when a brow she touched, unsealed
The eyes saw Friendship’s face revealed,
And won by kindling glance from her,
Each followed as a worshiper.

United in one noble band,
She led them where her towers stand,
Then opened at a whispered word.
The gates which nought beside had stirred;
They entered, and the portals rang
Behind them with a glorious clang,
While wondering they stood to share
The pleasures that were clustering there.

For all adorned with noblest art,
Those halls, around, before them, part;
Pictured with forms of wise and good,
Who erst had taught how brotherhood
Gave life its highest, truest form,
And shielded in its darkest storm;
And, as they gazed, they well nigh deemed
From brightening eyes a welcome beamed.

Then Friendship spoke: "United long,
Here sound my praise in choicest song;
Here nourish strongest sympathy,
Bound by young manhood's closest tie;
A growing brotherhood to stand,
With eye to eye and hand in hand,
As with the gift that here I give
The noblest life you learn to live.

"Your name? those only may discern
Whom I shall to these portals turn;
As goddesses in years far gone
Could shield with clouds each fav'rite son,
So round you here my cloud shall be
To shield these halls of mystery;
Linked by each aspiration high,
Be ever named the ZETA PSI.

"And when with hearts renewed you start
In life beyond to take your part,
As ladies bound their favors bright
On casque and spear of chosen knight;
So bind I mystic letters three
My gage and guardian pledge to be:
TAU, KAPPA, PHI; be this the word
On every field of glory heard.

“Hand linked in hand the heart throb know
Which warmer beats tho’ years may go,
Voice blending with each brother’s tone
In love that lasts, tho’ years have flown;
In songs like these of Friendship tell,
When breathes your welcome or farewell.”

WELCOME SONG

We have come as brothers meeting,
Led by Friendship’s guiding star,
And the sound of our welcome greeting
Shall float to the world afar;
Then sing with the light above us,
As the happy hours go by,
Here ’s a health to the friends that love us,
And hurrah! for the old Zeta Psi!

The clouds that around us hover,
From the colder hearts may hide,
But our radiant ranks discover
The joys that ever abide;
Then sing with the light above us,
As the happy hours go by,
Here ’s a health to the friends that love us,
And hurrah! for the old Zeta Psi!

By the oaths our lips have taken,
By the mystic letters three,
We will keep her true faith unshaken,
And brother to brother be;
Then sing with the light above us,
As the happy hours go by,

Here 's a health to the friends that love us,
And hurrah! for the old Zeta Psi!

.
One moment, and the air grew still,
Then rose a melody to thrill
Each waiting heart; 't was Friendship's last,
For fading with the strain she passed
As fades the star when night has run,
Yet left behind her benison.
And often has the midnight rung
When Zeta Psi her song has sung.

PARTING SONG

Farewell, farewell! As our hands unclasp,
The parting brings the sigh;
Yet clings each heart with a closer grasp,
To the dear old Zeta Psi.

Farewell, farewell! but not to forget
When sterner scenes draw nigh,
For the eye will turn where its love is set,
To the dear old Zeta Psi.

.
So came the brotherhood to be,
So flashed the mystic letters three,
When Friendship of the burning heart
To Wisdom would her gifts impart.
So may her sons forever stand,
Linked closely in one noble band,
To guard the sacred love and truth
Whose fires first warmed the heart of youth.

FINALE

Ended is the singer's fancy, from the realm of the ideal,
Lo! again the present summons as with battle's startling
 peal.

Sweet the dreams of youth, but sweeter is a manhood's
 deep delight,

When it dares and suffers nobly in each battle for the
 right.

Ours the call and ours the conflict—on each field be ours
 the gain—

Strength upbuilt by earnest living, conquest won through
 sharpest pain.

There our standard waves us onward to the warrior's
 renown,

God and conscience crown the faithful with no fading
 laurel crown.

Brothers: by each aspiration kindled where our altar
 burns,

Let us prove our manhood noble, as the present thus
 returns.

Let these passing joys refresh us for the coming battle
 blaze,

Fighting as we fought together in the dear old college
 days.

Then again our votive trophies at thy feet shall glorious
 lie,

Then again our songs shall hail thee, loved and honored
 Zeta Psi!

WILLIAM RANKIN DURYEE, Delta, '56.

“ALL ON DECK! MAN THE SAILS!”

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
Hanover, N. H., July 31, 1860

I

All on deck! Man the sails! The hour has come at last;
The wind blows from land, the farewell is past,
While gently to seaward is bending the mast.

'T was a long time ago, in those mystic days of yore,
That the Argonauts set sail to return, perhaps, no more,
To the land they were leaving, the pleasant Grecian shore.

For a golden fleece they sail o'er an unknown sea;
They have monsters and dragons and all things that be,
To strive with and vanquish, but never once to flee.

Sons of gods and the muses compose the band,
And their oars dip to music from Orpheus' hand,
As the prow of the Argo is turned from the land.

'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis the Argonautæ steer;
There is a tempest on the ocean, and rocks on the rear,
Yet, resolute at heart, they know no fear.

Still they toil on their way, for the goal before them lies,
Till the land of their wishes at last greets their eyes,
And they clasp to their bosoms the precious golden prize.

Some are Argonauts to-day, and their bark is on the shore;
Leaving Tempe's pleasant vale, to return no more,
They go upon the ocean, like those demigods of yore.

Those who venture to sail without pilot o'er the main,
Expecting, by chance, a safe goal to attain,
Are engulfed by the ocean, and ne'er return again.

But we know that our craft, with her mystical crew,
Never shrinks from the tempest, though rocks are in view,
But welcomes the storm, and rides haughtily through;

For Faith sits in the prow, with our chart in her hand;
Hope, her radiant sister, forms one of our band,
While aloft and alow our bark is well manned.

And with Honor at helm, our pennon unfurled,
Though the fierce bolts of Envy and Malice be hurled,
We fear not the waves of the cold surging world.

Outward bound! outward bound! there is music in the
cry;
Outward bound, o'er the sea, though the waves are dash-
ing high,
And the hurricane howls fiercely as it swift dashes by.

II

Visions of the early ages flit across my fancy now,
And I hear the voice of Clio, as before her shrine I bow,
Hear her tell the wondrous story of the nations long since
past,
How that each successive people grew still wiser than the
last.

Following each other slowly, in accordance with the plan,
That has seemingly prepared it for the dwelling-place of
man;

So has empire followed empire, with each a different sway,
Slowly, step by step, advancing, from the darkness unto
day.

And a glorious era opens; free to think and free to do,
Men, in truth, we need no longer aught but noble aims
pursue.

Through the mist of all the ages, ever since the world
began,

Never came such happy epoch in the history of man.

Man, to rule the world created, never held such sway
before;

Nature lends him all her forces, to her treasure opes the
door;

Winds, with willing, flitting pinions, lead his vessels o'er
the wave,

And to aid him in his wishes steam is made his pliant slave.

Lightning follows at his calling, quickly goes at his behest,
Telling news of war and famine, or of lands with plenty
blest;

Mercury, in ancient story, when by Jove the god was sent,
No more ready at his bidding ever from Olympus went.

Mountains, ancient as our planet, at his will their proud
crests nod,

Wheat laughs out in smiling dimples from the track his
plow has trod;

Nature loves him like a mother, but obeys him like a child,
Serves him with a will right loyal, she before so fierce
and wild.

Under Liberty's kind guidance, free to think and free
to do,
Man approximates to manhood, to the perfect, good and
true;
Man not only governs nature, but himself he rules as well,
Bows no longer to the despot, broken now the tyrant's
spell.

Despotism, to destroy thee, brought her murderous ally,
Decked her in thy stainless garments, called the monster
Liberty;
But we know the gilded harlot, License written on her
brow,
Know and scorn her bloody mockery, for her arm is pal-
sied now.

Gentle spirit, guardian angel of America the free!
Here has always been thy dwelling, here we trust it e'er
will be;
Though no jealous envy fills us, when abroad thy flag 's
unfurled,
For we hope in the hereafter, that thy home will be the
world.

Continents are newly peopled, slumbering millions wake'
from night,
Wisdom opens wide her portals, sheds o'er all her truth-
ful light.
Yes, a new and glorious era dawns upon the awakened
earth,
And the noblest field of action is the country of our birth.

Let us, then, true-hearted brothers, do the work for us
assigned,
Following out a lofty purpose with a fixed and equal mind;

Like the Arab of the desert, when his weary way he wends
Toward the birthplace of the Prophet, where his toilsome
journey ends;

III

In the dew of the morning, 'midst the pleasures of youth,
When our minds, fresh for action, are yearning for truth;
When our hearts, warmly beating, are eager for strife,
Impatient to enter the race-course of life;
When hope kindly beckons, and fair visions rise,
We will earnestly cherish all true Zeta Psis.

When the sun is uprisen, and our labor 's begun,
Our hearts nothing daunted, we 'll rise like the sun;
And when once in the heavens—what power shall forbid?—

We 'll remain there forever, as Hercules did;
And our lights, be they shining or dark with eclipse,
We will e'er give a God-speed to all the true "Zips."

With our circle unbroken, wherever we are,
We will meet on the level, and part on the square;
A bundle of fagots reserved for our foes,
For our friends, ever faithful, calm, peace, and repose;
And, ever united, in honor we 'll rise,
An unbroken phalanx of true Zeta Psis.

With the blonde of the Rhineland, the brunette of Spain,
When the wanton bolero wakes passion again;
With our own native maidens, to whom Freedom gives
birth,
The sweetest and fairest on the face of the earth;
When pressing with fervor each dear maiden's lips,
We will show we have ever the souls of true "Zips."

On the waste of the desert, 'neath the deadly simoom,
Enveloped in sand-clouds, encompassed with gloom,
When the shafts of the sun together seem cast
With the hot burning breath of the furious blast,
We will struggle triumphant, and never say die,
For fear never troubles the true Zeta Psi.

On the waves of the ocean, when the hurricane blows,
And the quick lightning flashes have banished repose;
On the breast of the billow, when the Storm King's
 asleep,
And our bark proudly rides o'er the unruffled deep;
When the forms of our friends on our visions arise,
We'll remember as brothers all true Zeta Psis.

At the bar, in the forum, with the scalpel or pen,
'Mid the wilds of the forest, or the dwellings of men;
On sea or on land, on mountain or plain,
Whether seeking for pleasure, or seeking for gain;
Wherever we are, under whatever skies,
We'll remember our pledge to the true Zeta Psis.

HENRY B. ATHERTON, Psi, '59.

CADMUS AND ZETA PSI

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
Boston, January 5, 1883

I have read in those records of old,
 So old that the world is unable
To dis sever the dross from the gold,
 To untangle the facts from the fable,

That a schoolmaster, Cadmus his name was,
To his ashes forever be peace,
Brought letters—and that 's what his fame was—
Brought letters and taught them to Greece.

And Greece, which till then was benighted,
On the letters pounced down like a vulture,
She conned them with face wild delighted,
She agonized fairly for "culture";
With face much too earnest for laughter
She swore with her soul all ablaze,
She would live in the lengthened Hereafter
As the Boston of primitive days!

And Cadmus, who watched her progressing,
With a patience that nothing could weary,
One day, as he gave her his blessing,
Begged leave to propound her a query.
"Please tell me, O Greece," he entreated,
"Of the letters I 've taught to you here,
Which ones have you kindest greeted,
Which are most to your fancy, my dear?"

Answered Greece, "Unless I 'm a goose,
No letter in beauty is greater
Than the stylish initial of Zeus"—
And she held up to Cadmus a Zeta!
"And yet," she continued explaining,
"Though Zeta so pleases my eye,
I must own in my bosom 't is reigning
In conjunction with beautiful Psi!"

She ceased and old Cadmus drew nearer,
Threw his arm round his protégée's waist,
And exclaimed, "There could nothing be clearer
Than that Greece has remarkable taste;

For the pick of all alphabets, surely,
Are the letters that captured your eye—
The stately, magnificent Zeta,
The graceful, ethereal Psi!

“And now to give play to the pleasure
That springs from the choice you have made,
That the world ever fondly may treasure
Those letters till language shall fade,
In beauty together I ’ll blend them,
The pin on your bosom I ’ll place,
And down through the ages I ’ll send them—
The badge of the best of the race.”

So saying, old Cadmus the letters
Decreed should be firmly united;
His edict was stronger than fetters—
They have ne’er broke troth that they plighted;—
And till Gabriel does his last duty,
And time stands adjourned *sine die*,
Those letters shall bloom in their beauty—
The Zeta that ’s fused with the Psi!

WILLIAM H. McELROY, Theta, ’60.

THE UNKNOWN GREAT

From “The Chapter,” a collection of poems mostly by Zetes,
edited by SAMUEL MARSH, JR., LL.D., Phi, ’67

’T is not alone on tented fields
That mighty victories are won,
’T is not alone ’mid carnage wild
Heroic deeds are nobly done.

Within the school-room's humble walls,
Beside the couch of pain,
Are greener laurels daily earned
Than conquerors ever gain.

Whether with pickaxe or with sword,
With musket or with pen,
Man's noblest work is best performed
When man can better men.

We build the monuments above
The titled hero's bed,
We strew the leader's path with flowers,
Forgetting those he led.

Some journeyman of Tubal Cain,
Whose name we 'll never know,
Forged, from the rusty iron ore,
The first bright, shining hoe.

Then first the tares from out the corn
Were plucked by willing hands,
Then grape-vines took the thistle's place,
And plenty filled the lands.

Some potter, long since turned to clay,
Made bowls our feasts to grace;
Who sings his praise with song and wine?
Who knows his resting-place?

The Unknown Great! behold their work
Where mighty cities stand,
Where navies float upon the seas,
Where vineyards shade the land!

They labored on the Appian Way,
The Pyramids they reared;
They rescued Holland from the sea,
The gloomy forests cleared.

From granite, hidden in the earth,
They built the walls of Rome,
They bridged the Tiber, Seine, and Thames,
And rounded Peter's dome.

They gave the name to Flodden Field;
They fought at Marston Moor;
And Runnymede and Waterloo
Were deluged with their gore.

They braved the cold at Valley Forge,
The foe at Lake Champlain;
They piled the ground at Abraham's Heights,
And Solferino's plain.

.

The Unknown Great lie all around,—
On Lookout Mountain's side,
'Mid Shiloh's hills, at Gettysburg,
Where'er the brave men died.

Their graves are in the Wilderness,
On sandy, lone Tybee,
They ridge full many a cotton-field,
They skirt the sounding sea.

One monument sufficeth all—
A reunited State;
And one inscription doth for each—
"Here lies the Unknown Great."

RODNEY WELCH, Chi, '52.

THE LOVE OF ZETA PSI

Tread not alone earth's pathway,
With Zeta Psi to love;
When other friendships falter
Faithful will Zeta's prove!
Faithful will Zeta's prove!
Once thine forever thine,
It stands a rock in all earth's storms,
So like the love divine.

With fellowship entwining
Around each brother's heart,
With bonds of friendship binding,
In ties that never part,
In ties that never part;
Forever, Zeta Psi,
We pledge our manhood and our lives
To sacred Zeta Psi.

Warmer clasp each brother's hand,
Look in each brother's eye,
Faithful stand, a living band,
Of Brothers Zeta Psi!
Of Brothers Zeta Psi!
Bound by a love most true,
Which shines about our pathway here,
Like stars set in the blue.

The soul has no emotion
More exquisite to feel,
Than honor, love, devotion
Which Fraternity reveal,
Which Fraternity reveal,

In glorious Zeta Psi.

What love ennobles and endures
Like old Tau Kappa Phi?

FRANCIS LE ROY SATTERLEE, Phi, '65.

THE PROMISED LAND

Read at the Thirty-sixth Annual Banquet of the Delta Chapter,
New Brunswick, N. J., June 19, 1883

He stood upon the mountain top,
The view stretched wide and sunny,
But not for him a single drop
Of Canaan's milk and honey;—
The pillar and the cloud his guide,
Hope cheered the grand old ruler,
Yet after forty years he died
Outside the land of Beulah.

And we, who read the story o'er,
Reflect that it discloses
Between the lines a something more
Than appertains to Moses;—
We all, with promised lands in view,
Life's daily journey order,
But mostly drop our graves into,
Outside the longed-for border!

So on this golden night of feasts,
When hope becomes fruition;
When Fate calls off the awful beasts
That guard the Fields Elysian;

With feet upon the Promised Land,
'T would surely sorely shame us
Did there not rise on every hand
The old-time *Gaudeamus*!

One toast is on each lip, each eye,—
We will not drink another;
The toast is simply: Zeta Psi,
Our well-belovèd mother!
She cries: "Come, milk and honey sip."
She cries: "Let me refresh you."
She cries: "Let 's feel the old-time grip,
As fondly I caress you."

And as we kneel to crave her grace
With all the old love's hunger,
We cry, one glance into her face,
"By Jove, you 're growing younger!"
And she, all smiles from lip to brow,
Throws both her arms around us
And cries: "My boys!"—as if just now
Green Freshmen she had found us!

We 're tied unto her apron strings
With knots that e'er grow tighter;
No matter what the future brings,
Her charms can make it brighter;
With hearts for love of her ablaze,
Who dares, forsooth, to blame us,
If, boys once more, we fervent raise
The old-time *Gaudeamus*?

WILLIAM H. McELROY, Theta, '60.

HELP AND BROTHERHOOD

(A FRAGMENT)

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
Boston, October 20, 1875

When are we brothers? Not when words
Are spoken, while the hand is still;
Not when the face lights up with smiles,
While underneath the heart lies chill.
My brother is my guide, my cheer,
When I go wrong, when I go right,
And I, a Joseph rich in grain,
Though sent to Egypt by his might.
I care not for a person's gifts,
His talents, or his boundless pelf,
Who in my Chapter has not learned
"My brother" means more than "myself."

Dear brothers, would we know what means
This power of help, this giving aid,—
Think of the green bough and the vine,
Turning the noontide heat to shade;
Of brooks that with a merry song
The wild flowers from their slumbers wake,
Then hurry on, all life and sport,
Upon the mill-wheel's rim to break;
Of acorns dropped in rich brown mould,
Of wild birds fleeing from the storm,
Of snow-quilts, thick and soft as down,
Keeping the tender rootlets warm;
Of little twinklers of the sky,
Hanging out lanterns to the night,

Of glow-worms guiding with their fire
 The foot-worn traveler aright;
 Of dewdrops freshening the fields,
 Dissolving honey in the flower—
 But Nature throughout all her works
 Is nothing but a helping power.

Who would not falter and grow weak,
 Or yield the slave of discontent,
 If now and then no cheering word
 Awoke a sweet encouragement?
 The toilsome path less rugged seems
 When those ahead point out the way;
 When friends believe we will succeed,
 Then we begin to think we may.

FRANK M. HAWES, Kappa, '72.

THE FAIREST QUEEN

Fair Zeta Psi! Dear Zeta Psi!
 To thee we rich oblation bring,
 Exalted though thou art on high,
 Yet at thy feet we deign to fling
 Love's purest, choicest offering.

No foam-vexed billow e'er concealed
 A stronger tide its crest below,
 Than that love-tide our heart-fonts yield,
 Which tends to thee in ceaseless flow,
 Sweet disenchanter of our woe!

No other love such strength has shown,
 As marks the love thou dost inspire;

No human thought can span the zone
That compasses our heart's desire
In thee, love's all-consuming fire!

The voice of nature's sweetest song,
The melody the spheres distil;
The liquid notes that float along
In rhythmic measure with the rill,
No blissful charms like thine instil.

The fairest plant which heavenward lifts
Its head, in lovely hues arrayed,
Encrowned with Flora's rarest gifts,
Is not so fair as thee, sweet maid,
Whose matchless beauty cannot fade!

We crown thee queen, the fairest queen,
Whose sceptre's weight we love to feel;
Thou mortal of immortal mien,
Before thy shrine we humbly kneel,
And pledge to thee love's deathless zeal!

HOWARD N. FULLER, Delta, '74.

THE PIN OF ZETA PSI

'T was in the pleasant summer time,
While shady lanes I strolled,
I chanced upon a charming girl,
Her beauty made me bold;
I spoke to her, she did not chide,
And I will tell you why—
She saw all sparkling on my breast
The pin of Zeta Psi!

Together then the lanes we strolled
 And when 't was time to part,
 Tho' long I lingered near the spot,
 I could n't find my heart;
 For that, alas, was stolen quite
 By the pretty maiden shy,
 And on *her* breast, above *my* heart,
 Flashed the pin of Zeta Psi!

And now long years have passed and gone
 Since those shady lanes we strolled,
 And the sturdy youngster at my knee
 Shows we are growing old;
 But his little mother and myself
 Both hope before we die
 To see him wear upon his breast
 The pin of Zeta Psi!

WILLIAM KELLY OTIS, Alpha (Col.), '82.

FORSAN ET HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
 Montreal, January 7, 1888

Time speeds away, youth leaves us all too soon,
 The happy morn fades into afternoon,
 Till sinks the sun, and night spreads o'er the scene
 And memory turns to days that once have been.
 Yes, when the evening shades o'er life appear,
 When past grows present and the distant near,
 When life's stern task our strength has given o'er
 And tired hands seek rest for evermore,

Then strange, yet true, as older thus we grow,
The more our weary thoughts will backward flow.
Imagination fails and memory flies
To bring us to the light of other days—
The light of other days when we were young,
Our task unfinished and our song unsung,
When Honor beckoned with her laurel crown,
And Fancy breathed the magic word renown,
The world before us! Primrose path it seemed,
While pleasure, radiant-hued, before us beamed,
And aims diviner than the common aim
Bade us to win and leave a glorious name.
What wonder then that e'en when locks grow gray
And youthful strength is ebbing fast away,
When dim our eyes—how bright, alas! they shone
In days, though not forgot, forever gone—
What wonder that we turn our wistful gaze
From life's decline to youth and youth's bright days?
And 'midst those days some far more bright appear,
With truest friends, long be their memory dear.
Hearts may grow cold, but colder must they grow,
Ere we forget those loyal hearts and true;
Rather, as years roll on, more strong the bond,
Our hearts grow warmer and our love more fond;
And of these friends whose memory cannot die,
Who are so dear as those in *Zeta Psi*?
Friends from the days we sought the stately fane
Where Learning holds her quiet, peaceful reign,
And 'midst the mighty men of every age,
The orator, philosopher and sage,
Whose minds yet rule, and shall rule to the end,
We gained the best of gifts, a lifelong friend.
Then came the race of life that all must run,
The fated hour when we had lost or won.

When the world hailed us as the conqueror,
Or we had fallen and could fight no more,
And in the field forgotten we expire,
Extinguished hope, extinguished all desire.
But whether victory o'er our standard fly
Or fallen we can only droop and die,
We feel this truth, whether we stand or fall—
Victory is well, but victory is not all.
If it is won by loss of principles,
If we have heard, but shrunk from duty's call,
Then woe to us! for little is his gain
Whose 'scutcheon after battle shows a stain.
And whether victors or the vanquished we,
Our aim is not this world's brief victory.
We, who have lived true heart linked to true heart,
We, bound by ties that time nor space can part,
We friends and brothers, brothers by our vow,
This world's vain laurels suit but ill our brow.
Far more we prize the simple woodland wreath,
Plucked from the shrine of friendship and of truth;
For this we turn as years roll on their way
To days that were and joys of memory;
Thus richest joys we pledge this very day,
While, like a stream, glad hours glide away.
We pledge ourselves to-day, not that our name
Shall be wide blown on every wind of fame;
E'en Freedom pledge we not; though we adore
That goddess who our land had hovered o'er,
And bade our troubles end, our warfare cease,
That we might prosper in perpetual peace;
Earth's fame we prize, for Freedom we would die;
But our fond pledge this day is Zeta Psi!
And her proud motto blazoned on each heart,
Honor and friendship—never may they part—

Honor alone may wear the cynic smile,
Friendship, with honor lost, can but defile;
But friendship linked with honor well may be
The guiding star of noblest chivalry;
And we, we few, who hold this motto dear
To us calls Duty's voice as trumpet clear.
Our brother men in ages that yet sleep,
In accents yet unknown to human lip,
Shall sing our record; let it say that we
Wrought out our motto with fidelity.
The age advances, we compose the age,
The young and thoughtless and the old and sage,
From us its character, its name it gains,
Whatever glory and whatever stains.
This thought alone should inspiration prove
To guide us on the path that leads above,
Ever to speed the right, eschew the wrong,
Confirm the feeble, make the weak the strong;
Conforming all unto this general end—
To love each man as brother and as friend.

JOSEPH H. BOWES, Theta Xi, '84.

BOUND TO KNOW IT ALL

Read at the Annual Banquet of the Phi Chapter,
December 12, 1899

How well I still remember, boys, the day I entered college,
Great Zeus! but what a thirst I had for all the brands of
knowledge!
I burned to bound up Learning's steep and from the
summit call
To every toiler underneath, "See me, I know it all."

I told some Seniors of my scheme, their praise it did
beguile,
And as I spoke the face of each became one ample smile;
They introduced me right and left, and this remark let fall
To all the men who came along, "He 's bound to know
it all."

I bandolined my auburn hair to show my forehead high—
I had my head examined twice for lumps that signify;
And when the man that made the search did for his money
call,
He told me, as I bought his chart, "You 're bound to know
it all."

For four swift years, to know it all how eagerly I sought,
I crammed myself with prose and verse—I really thought
I ought;
So ere Commencement day arrived, as you may well
suspect,
I had a most acute attack of pride of intellect.

Commencement o'er, I sought the world, what confidence,
what ease,
What stores of wisdom—solid chunks—to edify and
please;
What splendid plans to help the world at every needed
point,
What patent splints in case I found the times were out of
joint!

It never once occurred to me, poor optimistic soul,
That anywhere the world was flat, save just at either pole;
I knew it had a Mammoth Cave, but, by the great Apollo,
I did n't know that other parts were also rather hollow!

There 's small occasion to proceed—you may infer the
 rest,
 The world did *not* this graduate strain wildly to her
 breast,
 She did not cry, as I appeared, “Now is my hour of bliss
 come;
 Here is the ages' chosen heir, *salvate pax vobiscum.*”

.

You 're right, it was a droll mistake—but I 've a faint
 impression
 If certain other graduates would make as frank confession,
 Each would admit there *was* a time when oft his wonder
 grew,
 That one small head, with no annex, could carry all he
 knew!

MORAL

Get wisdom, her ways are delightful and sweet,
 But, oh, be not wise in your private conceit,
 Though vast is the learning you master may call,
 There is room to suspect that you don't know it all!

.

Adieu, brother Zetes, while I linger with you,
 Again on my heart falls the magical dew
 Which makes that tough organ again to be tender,
 And life to renew its gay morning-time splendor.

'T is the dew of my youth—and it sparkles to-night
 With all its transcendent, ineffable light;—
 'T is the light e'en the Sun-god can never command,
 'T is “the light which was never on sea or on land.”

WILLIAM H. McELROY, Theta, '60.

THE JUBILEE OF THE OLD ZETE AND NEW ZETE

An Old Zete, visiting his Chapter, witnesses a Freshman's Initiation

Why speak of the joy and the greeting,
The laughter and fun of the night?
We have all been the hosts, or been welcomed,
And can judge of the pleasure aright.
Why speak of the poor, trembling Freshman?
We have all been fresh in our day,
We would rather be Freshmen, I wager,
Than hardened, world-battered, and gray.
FRANK M. HAWES, Kappa, '72.

DE AMICITIA

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
Montreal, January 7, 1899

I

Most worthy chief, Phi Alpha great,
And every other festive Zete
To babe or Sigma Rho,
I pledge you all, and may we be
Knit fast in boon fraternity
Till from this place we go.
Nay, let our fellowship extend
Henceforth unto the utmost end;
Nor part we ever so
That fellow shall not thrust his hand
To fellow, in whatever land
From here to Jericho.

II

So much for invocation. Now your bard
The jocund tables anxiously doth scan
In hope he may discern, by looking hard,
Some ordinary, undistinguished man.
If there be any such in Zetish ranks,
He hides, alas, his modest head from view.
I see but generals, presidents of banks,
Members of Congress, speakers than Depew
More eloquent, plump judges by the score.
Among Canadian elders, here a knight
And there a baron—whom we must adore—
Towers above the rest, and thirsts for fight.
E'en 'mid the actives is no common clay,
Future gold-medallists and prizemen, these,
And football captains. In the dawn of day
They choose and strive and conquer as they please.

Dazed by the brilliance of this titled throng
And such kaleidoscopic greatness, I
Feel rather certain that I shall be wrong
Whatever kind of word I call you by.
Zates, Zetes and Zites, so are we known to fame—
At least the unwashed vulgar call us so—
But here we meet together, and a name
I fain would use less bandied to and fro.
“Brethren” won’t serve my turn. It has a ring
Of Puritanic days when laughter died,
And human love was held a sinful thing.
E'en “Brothers” must I sadly cast aside,
For fratricidal strifes have been, and hate
’Twixt kinsmen is the loathliest thing on earth.

One name is left, and may it bear the freight
 Of my best meaning. Whether we from birth
 Have been true comrades, or have later grown
 Into these ties which we must ever own,
 One gift to all good fortune freely sends:
 Whate'er we be or be not, we are *friends*.

III

Lo, then, the theme round which I range my rhymes;
 Friendship it is, and memories of old times;
 And, as ye listen, think each of some friend
 Who 's half yourself, will either give or lend,
 And, even borrowing, loves you to the end.

IV

In true Shaksperian form I put the question,
 Although I cannot answer it myself.

It runs as follows, you will recollect:

“Tell me where is friendship bred,
 Or in the heart, or in the head?
 How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.”

Well, friends, I won't reply, since metaphysics
 Is rather tedious on a night like this.

We 'll say for now that friendship 's bred like fancy
 Or any other thing you like to name.

We 'd better look at hard, relentless facts,
 And see what different kinds of friends there are.

V

First let me tell you a tragic tale
 Of a Quaker who went to sea.

The hat he wore was as broad as a sail,
His tie was as white as a bridal veil
And starched as a Pharisee.

But one can't judge from the look of a frog
The distance he's game to leap;
And though the Quaker declined his grog,
And often resembled a bump on a log,
He never went fast asleep.

The captain was merry and loved a jest
At the Quaker's quaint thees and thous,
But at bouts of the tongue he was second best,
For the Quaker, though sadly and sombrely dressed
And debarred from the use of vows,

Could prove to the captain how great a sin
It is to draw sword, and spill
The blood of your foe for the sake of his tin;
He would prove that mankind are all one kin
Till the captain groaned and was still.

Now the *Nancy Lee* had a cargo rare
Of gems and spices and gold;
She had bales of silk and of samite fair,
She had port and sack and sherry to spare,
And hogsheads of rum in her hold.

One Sunday the pirate hove in sight,
With black flag a-flying free;
He chased the *Nancy* with all his might,
He chased her from dawn till the fall of night,
And laid her aboard in glee.

With cutlass and pike, with pistol and knife,
The crew of the *Nancy* fought;
Not one of the gang but strove for his life,
For his swag and his grog, for his kid and his wife,
So the pirate himself was caught.

At the end of the fight the Quaker appeared
As calm as he was before.
He had killed five men and his face was smeared,
His cravat was dyed, and his hat veneered
With the tide of the pirate's gore.

"How is this, my brave Philadelphia boy?"
Cried the rollicking captain then.
"Little dreamt I e'er this sight to enjoy;
I thought you would not a mosquito annoy;
How is it you fight like ten?"

"Thou art wrong, my good friend," then the Quaker said,
"For I did not combat at all.
When they entered the ship, if I stood at the head
Of the rest and a few drops of blood did shed,
That 's not what I fighting call.

"I stood by the stair; when a pirate came
I spake thus in kindly tone:
'Please keep back, my friend, I know not thy name,
But if thou keepst on thou mayst chance to maim
Thy head, or perhaps some bone.'

"Well, they kept right on, and 't is not my fault
That they stumbled against my pike,
I stood on the stair, and I bade them halt,
If they persevered in their wicked assault,
I 'm sure nobody saw me strike."

“Here ’s a hand to you, Quaker,” the captain quoth,
“And now our discussion ends;
Though you wear broad brims, and may speak no oath,
Why, pirate and devil, I ’d fight them both
With you and a few such Friends.”

VI

When you once find a friend he ’s a treasure to prize,
For you can’t judge a man by his height or his size,
By the length of his nose or the hue of his eyes,
Or the kind of garments he wears—
Why, he might wear kilts.

VII

Of another kind of friend I ’ll tell a story:
A shorter one, I trust, and not so gory.

Have you ever been asked to collect for a cause,
With a smile, and “You do it so well”?
Have you ever inserted your delicate paws
Into the pockets that visibly swell
With wealth which belongs to the sick and the mean?
In that case very likely this friend you ’ll have seen.

Mrs. Smith was philanthropic,
She ’d a million in the bank,
Nor had she the disagreeable
Reputation of a crank.
Her good John had predeceased her,
She ’d no kith or kin on earth;
And our hospital endowments
Were remarkable for dearth.

I was asked to call upon her,
And I went with little fear,
At that time of peace and bounty
Which attends the closing year;
She received me with effusion,
Wished to know what debt we had,
Shook her head when I announced it,
And agreed 't was very sad.

Then she spoke with real emotion
Of the justice of our cause,
Thought that it should be supported,
Said the State should pass new laws.
All the while I fondly gloated
Over what I felt would come,
For I knew she 'd head my paper
With a round five-figure sum.

Then I raised it to six figures
When she talked of future work,
Grew enthused o'er wards and clinics,
Satirized the mob who shirk;
Best of all, as she waxed rapturous
And exclaimed, "We 're out of date;
We must have a new wing added,"
I had hopes of her estate.

Finally she took my paper,
Read the heading through with care,
Slowly sidled towards a table,
Found some ink; I brought the chair.
Then she with deliberation
Wrote her name upon the sheet,
Handed me the folded paper,
And I soon was in the street.

Oh how happily I hastened
From her presence with the thought
That our debt had been extinguished,
That she 'd given us a lot.
"What a noble soul," I murmured,
"Benefactress, saint, I 'll call her."
Then I looked upon the paper,
And it said: "A Friend, one dollar."

VIII

But let us now no longer play with words,
And strive to pluck a jest from strange conceits.
Come, noble Zetes, and see what friendship is,
That true, that priceless bond 'twixt man and man
Which links them so together that the world's
Envy and slander cannot rive the tie,
Nor fear of death dissever each from each.

IX

'T was spring in Montreal in sixteen sixty,
The ice had drifted downwards to the sea,
Gay, red-winged blackbirds darted through the thickets,
The buds were big on every bush and tree.

But not within the corners of the fortress
Which Maisonneuve had built to guard his fold,
Did joy leap forth with coming of the springtide,
For fear weighed down the timid, doubt the bold.

How could they hail the birds, the breeze, the blossoms,
How could they welcome dawn and sunshine clear,
When grateful warmth and ever-lengthening daylight
Brought the Five Nations' hellish war-whoop near?

There were stout hearts behind those rough-hewn ram-
parts;

No Frenchman thought to leave his work undone,
Faith had upreared an outpost in the desert.

Who should draw back? The task was but begun.

Thus many waited, listening for the war-whoop,
But with no sign of shrinking from their fate,
One only pondered deeper than the others;
Dollard des Ormeaux could not brook to wait.

What was his plan? To meet the deadly war band
In their own wilds, deep 'mid the forest dim;
There should he perish, and with him the heroes
Who for their homes dared face such peril grim.

Quickly he gathered those he wished for comrades,
Sixteen they were, besides their youthful chief;
Some were but striplings, none had reached full manhood;
All April buds, frost-bitten ere the leaf.

The youngest youth was Dollard's dear companion,
Louis Martin, a merry, smooth-faced boy;
Dollard had denied him, seeking to preserve one
Whom he could not see the Iroquois destroy.

But Martin had said: "My Dollard, I am going;
Why, there 's but four years between my age and thine;
Thou shalt not deny me, one canoe shall take us;
Out there in the forest thy fate shall be mine."

So he had his will and, first among the followers,
Sealed his solemn oath to struggle and to die,
He and they were shriven, then they said their partings,
Launched canoes, and sped past reach of Christian eye.

Now the while they moved in steady, silent cortége
Westward along the Ottawa's dark stream,
Forth from their cantons poured the dusky war horde,
O'er lake and river flashed the paddles' gleam.

But first the Frenchmen reached that spot of vantage
Where the Long Saut makes human voices dumb;
There took the shore, and, deftly hid in ambush,
Bode till their fierce, unwitting foe should come.

X

O 't were a gallant tale to tell
How they fought on that shore.
Every Frenchman had sworn to sell
Bone, and sinew, and more.

Every redskin with fury yelled,
As the best braves fell dead
By the stockade that Dollard held,
With musket-hail of lead.

Seven hundred there were without,
Savage as panthers all;
Not a man in the rude redoubt
Could their mad shrieks appal.

Flour for food, and for drink the rain,
Eight days those Frenchmen fought;
Frantic with thirst and worn out by pain,
Sleepless, fainting, distraught.

Dollard and Martin? They were slain,
And all their comrades true;
But the Five Nations won in vain,
Won, then in flight withdrew.

What did they die for, side by side,
There in the forest wild?
'T was not for hate, 't was not for pride,
Nor had false hope beguiled.

Dollard died that his death might save
Ville Marie and its fold.
Dollard dared, there was none so brave;
None so resolved, so bold.

Dollard died with a lordly grace,
O may his fame ne'er end!
Dollard died for his faith and race,
But Martin died for his friend.

XI

I 've used full many words, and yet not said
What is this sacred friendship which we 've proved.
You ask me, "What is Wealth?" I cannot tell;
For gold brings solace, yet as oft brings woe.
You ask me, "What is Pleasure?" Still the same,
I cannot tell, for Pleasure is a witch;
Sometimes her joys are noble, sometimes base.
But if, once more, you ask me, "What are Friends?"
I say right out, nor pause—they are Godsend.

CHARLES W. COLBY, Alpha Psi, '87.

GRAVITATION OF MANKIND

Read at the Semi-Centennial of the Sigma Chapter,
Philadelphia, March 10, 1900

My wares have not been advertised aright—
I hold no poem here—I have none here to write.
Then pardon, brethren, if I steal your time,
And cheat you with a plain, unvarnished rhyme.

On the sea there 's not a ripple, and the fleet that 's moored
inside

Of the harbor sleep securely; not a current, not a tide
Rocks them in their quiet slumbers, sways them from their
anchorage.

Rest they quiet as a picture etched upon the glassy page,
Each of each seems independent, each within itself com-
plete,

Each a microcosmic kingdom, though an atom of the fleet.
Not a force now seems to touch them, as they sleep away
the night;

Yet but once you cut their cables and a force will come
in sight

That will draw them all together. Almost imperceptibly
Unseen tendrils wrapped around them bridge the inter-
vening sea.

Tendrils intertwined with tendrils—Nature's love that
cannot speak—

Draws the fleet of brother vessels till they 're touching
cheek to cheek.

Science says, "Mere gravitation." So it is, but not
confined

To inanimate creation; study man and you will find,
'Mongst the strongest, deepest forces that control the human mind,
This great force of human nature—gravitation of mankind.
Study pyramid or Bible, or the Middle Ages scan;
Every people, every era tells how man 's attracting man.
Like as water finds its level, so men drift toward fellow-men,
Oft unconscious of the impulse; when they realize it, then
Clubs and Brotherhoods and Lodges form themselves instinctively;
Not to satisfy a morbid, sentimental ecstasy,
Not with counterfeit ideals (frenzied Paris, day by day,
Sacrificing human victims to its false *Fraternité*),
But with deep heart-burning hunger, human gravitation draws
Hearts of sturdy, manly fellows. In obedience to its laws
Bigger ships feel more attraction; so the man with biggest heart
Feels a thrill in which the weakling merely has a feeble part.
Held in check by strong repression, as the anchor held the ship,
Doubly grows the Saxon's yearning for a loyal comrade's grip.
Some one says, "But what 's the profit in a mere Fraternity?"
"Just a band of noisy students, what use can they be to me?"
"What of personal advancement can I gain by joining one?"
"Is n't it a poor investment, after all is said and done?"
"What 's the use and what 's the profit?" 'Tis the money-changer's cry!

Is the coin the only standard that we measure value by?
But we face the question boldly—do not hesitate to say:
“If you join to turn a penny, your investment will not
pay.”

Times have been when loyal brother gave a hungry
brother food;

When material advantage has to needy Zetes accrued;
But the times are so infrequent when a brother needs such
aid,

That you can't weigh that advantage in the balances of
Trade.

But, thank God, we 've that to offer which mere money
cannot buy—

The fellowship, the sympathy, the love of Zeta Psi.

All honor to the instances of brothers' friendly aid;

But higher than the instances the spirit thus displayed.

For though in golden raiment Love her perfect self adorn,

What 's the beauty of the raiment to the beauty of the
form?

Love fraternal, satisfying—this we gain from Zeta Psi,

Thrilling souls that long were thirsting for the true Tau
Kappa Phi.

As to-night we meet together from all quarters of the land,
Gathered in the mystic circle, gripping hard each brother's
hand,

Knowing by the glow within us what the love fraternal is,
What utilitarianism can produce a joy like this?

Gravitation! gravitation! thanks, indeed, we owe to you

For the fellowship you 've fostered, keeping all our in-
stincts true

To the laws of Mother Nature, tugging so unceasingly

At the anchor chains that hold us scattered on Life's
lonely sea.

Ever let your impulse guide us, ever let this truth be
known:

“He who would not starve his nature, lives not to himself alone.”

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Brothers, let us cut our cables, we are weary lying still,
Anchored at our lonely moorings, let Fate draw us where
it will,

So it draw us all together every year, to satisfy
All our deep fraternal cravings at the fount of Zeta Psi.

EDWARDS S. DUNN, Sigma, '87.

PROGRESS

Read at the Grand Chapter Convention,
Portland, Me., February 16, 1901

In days of yore 't was quite *au fait*,
When giving stylish dinners,
To have a jester, that his play
Might entertain those sinners
Who well could feudal strife provoke,
And steal their neighbors' ladies,
But could n't fabricate a joke
To save themselves from Hades.

But printing-presses came around
And spread the art of reading,
Until the saddened jester found
His business was receding;
For making jokes became a trade,
And his off-handed sally
But poorest kind of showing made
With those from Printers' Alley.

And so he had to change his name—
But still secures admission
To just such banquets, just the same—
Nor changed is his condition.
They have him for a sort of tool,
And all the people know it;
And he must rise and play the fool—
Though now they call him “poet.”

Yet sometimes Duty joins Desire,
And then the fingers, feeling
The heart's strong impulse, strike the lyre,
A new-born power revealing.
For with a theme that charms the Muse
It 's easy to caress her;
And who a grander theme would choose
Than Zeta Psi, God bless her?

That name! At once the pulses burn
With youthful fire and feeling;
Time's withered fingers now return
The years that he 's been stealing;
Again we stand in youth's bright morn,
All life but boyish dreaming,
With hot ambition, bold to scorn
At Life's hard strife as seeming.

Of course, there 's no man knows so much,
And knows he knows the limit,
And sees success, and wealth, and such
Secured him any minute,
That he may choose to shake the bough
With his long pole of knowledge,
As that youth with the “marble brow”
Who 's just come down to college.

It 's not surprising this is so—
Born in some quiet village
Where few folks may their time bestow
Upon such mental tillage,
He 's been the scholar of the town,
Has seemed quite like the teacher,
And good old folks have set him down
As "cut out" for a preacher.

Upon the platform he has shone
In graduation's glory,
And made old Wisdom's temple groan
With his salutatory;
While maidens modestly admired
And older folks applauded,
And big bouquets were at him fired,
And he was "first" recorded.

Thus to the college home he comes—
A boy as man parading;
Untaught the cynic lore that numbs
The soul to Truth's persuading;
His heart and mind by youth's hot flame
Made soft to take the moulding
Of those who then the chance may claim
To aid that life's unfolding.

And then? The gem of promise rare,
By faithless folly fingered,
May soon be marred and never wear
The charm that might have lingered.
But then the budding life to meet,
To seek its hidden treasures
And bring them forth, refined, complete,
This, Zeta's duty measures.

For while the book may train the mind,
Hearts are the heart's sole teachers;
No school its true success shall find
Save through such nobler features.
And thus those higher lessons taught
By this, our college mother,
Hath oft the truer statute wrought—
A power beyond all other.

Her motto: Let the wide World pause
And learn the truth there gleaming
Now, as a new-born Century draws
Us on where fields are teeming
With hopes, and dreams, and fancies rare
So beauteously blended,
A new life in the quickened air,
New powers to earth descended.

Pause, while the Christians hunt to death
Their struggling Christian brothers,
And avaricious pride the breath
Of pleading conscience smothers;
While homes by thousands fall in wrack
And hearts are torn asunder,
And murdered thousands clog the track
Where nations fight for plunder.

Had but the World that motto ta'en!
Away with vain repining:
'T is ours to make her teachings plain,
To keep her bright light shining
Till honor and a brother's love,
The earth with power controlling,
Shall set her lamp high up above
The mists so darkly rolling.

Then shall the new-born Century bring
 That day of days most glorious,
 When through the world the song shall ring
 Of Right o'er Wrong victorious;
 When nations' banners all shall tell
 Of power that brings Earth pleasure,
 And none a soldier's blood shall sell
 To heap greed's swollen measure.

Is this a dream? Do we dream when we picture an era of
 justice?
 Must it be ever the same, and Might always master of
 Virtue?
 Must the ear of the centuries tire with the clamorous hor-
 rors of battle
 And rulers write History's page in the blood of their
 sacrificed people?
 No: though the darkness be drear, though the brute within
 man long may govern,
 Though genius turn Judas for greed, betraying its glori-
 ous mission,
 Though glittering honors may blind the eyes that should
 see the true pathway,
 Though preachers, enamoured of wealth, for profit forget-
 ting the gospel—
 Led by Mahomet's red hand and not by the meek Galilean,
 Preach slaughter's heathenish creed in the temples that
 Mammon hath builded;
 Yet there 's a dawning shall come, for Humanity's motto
 is "Progress."
 Onward: the way may be long, our eyes and the eyes of
 our children
 All may grow heavy and close, nor look on the bright land
 of promise,

E'en as that people of old strode on through that earlier
darkness,
Wearied and fell by the way, nor knew if they followed a
phantom;
Yet that bright morning shall come; yea, the throb of Hu-
manity's pulses
Tells us 'tis near though the prophets of ill cry out to
deceive us.
Hark to that heart-murmured sound that speaks of a na-
tion in mourning,
Look on the millions of forms bowed down as with per-
sonal sorrow,
List to the voices of praise that speak the soul's tenderest
language,
Wrapping a form that is still in a more than imperial
mantle.
Here is no warrior dead, no chieftain with blood-dripping
sabre
Snatching from slaughter an Alaric's crown, but only a
woman.
Woman and wife—though queen, 'neath the glare of im-
perial splendor
Ever that life shown true to its tenderly womanly
nature,
Seeking in Power's clenched hand a gift for the good of
her people,
Striving Ambition to check when his march meant the
sorrows of others.
And as o'er history's page shall stalk the great builders
of kingdoms,
Those who have towered over men and made the earth
shake with their presence,
She, whose life closed with the words, "I have sought to
bring peace to my people,"

Exalted shall be over all, and Victoria shall be called
blessed!
And as the rolling worlds, through the depths of im-
measurable ether,
Swing with the changing years in courses fixed and un-
changing,
Far o'er the meteor's glare that flames to our limited
vision
Brighter than any star—but dies away in an instant
Self-consumed in the flash that alone tells the world of its
presence,
While those great orbs serene shine on with unvarying
splendor;
So o'er the meteor glare of war's bloody flame of de-
struction
And clouds, black with avarice's breath, that mock at the
soul's upward yearning,
There arches the changeless sky of God's immeasurable
wisdom,
And from it the stars of Truth shine down with a glorious
effulgence.
And as the myriad lives, in the sunless abysses of ocean,
Yield that they thus may give their mite to an island's
upbuilding,
Though each may bring but a grain, nor perceive that the
work is advancing,
Yet to a purpose true, they die and their monument slowly
Rises toward light, till the sea is pressed back and a beau-
teous island
Lies in the sun where a higher life may have an existence;
So shall the world progress by each individual effort,
No one may compass the all, yet each may have part in
the labor;
And though the little advance he wins may seem nothing
but fancy,

Tempting his mind to yield and forget this inscrutable
 struggle,
Still let his heart be strong in the thought that no gener-
 ous impulse
Ever is lost to the world, but, striking the spiritual ether,
Wakens those circling waves that swell and move outward
 forever.
Thus was this motto designed as a lamp that should blaze
 for our guidance,
Set high over the rocks to warn of the perils of shipwreck;
And though the storms of doubt may sweep over Life's
 troubled ocean,
Swelling the barrier seas that hurl us away from our
 haven,
Blinding the straining eyes with the freezing spray of
 Life's tumult,
Still be that beacon our guide, and though ere the struggle
 be ended
We may grow weary and fall, our work shall not prove
 unavailing,
But shall aid others to reach that harbor of Faith's noble
 longing,
Where ever that beacon light shall shine with an infinite
 splendor.

And as a lark, upspringing from the field,
Pours on the air a stream of wondrous song,
Thrilling the ear with notes so full and strong
That other birds their songs in silence shield,
And still she mounts until at last concealed
'Mid those blue heights to which her strains belong,
Her notes come down to that attentive throng
Touched with a power the heavens alone can yield—
So shall the soul by this true motto won,
Taught on this lamp to fix a changeless eye,

Find growing strength with which the race to run,
Bring hope to those the careless ones pass by,
Till Life's strange course of pain and pleasure done,
It may be crowned as worthy Zeta Psi!

EDWARD C. PLUMMER, Lambda, '87.

MEMORIES AND HOPES

Of all the mem'ries of the past
That haunt our hearts to-night,
That send a thrill through ev'ry nerve
And put our cares to flight,
Which line our brows by garish day
Or furrow them by night,
The sweetest, Zeta Psi, are thine,
And thine by holy right!

Of all the hopes our hearts hold fast
For which we strive with might,
Of deeds, a thankful world to cheer,
Of inmost thoughts aright,
Of kindnesses to brothers done,
Who struggle in the fight,—
The highest, Zeta Psi, are thine,
Are thine by holy right!

LAWRENCE A. McLOUTH, Xi, '87.

“JUST A ROOM FULL OF ZETES”

Read at the Grand Chapter Convention,
Providence, R. I., February 22, 1902

Most worthy toastmaster, and brother Zetes all,
I wonder if any would fail to recall
Holding up a small fragment of bone or of meat
Before some poor dog he 's picked up on the street,
Saying, “Speak for it; speak, sir; here, speak for your
dinner”;
And if, as might happen, we found the poor sinner
Too slow altogether in uttering his wail,
Why, the simplest thing then was to step on his tail,
And the long howl he 'd make was as good to our thought
As the genuine bark of a dog better taught;
And I really suppose 't was as good for us boys,
The dog had his dinner, and we had the noise.
Now, of course, as we 're boys again just at this time,
You 'll not care for a poem, sententious, sublime;
Or lofty discourse, our achievements repeating,
But just a plain howl, as the price of my eating.
We read in the Scripture that once in a year,
The Children of Israel, from far and from near,
Would come to their capital city to hold
Their feasts to the memory of heroes of old.
And we, though our capital yearly is new,
Unite from afar to hold festival too,
And when Brother Pierson's kind care I recall,
I am sure we are children of ISRAEL all.
I love when the days of the summer are longest,
And the sun shoots his darts at us straightest and
strongest,
To flee from the city's grim grinding, and sitting

At ease on the bank of a pond, watch the flitting
Of the dragon-flies gay as they dart to and fro,
Now this way, now that, now come, and now go;
In the rays of the sunbeams like jewels aflame,
Without purpose or care, without effort or aim,
As if living, mere life, were enough and to spare;
Instinct with the freedom, the joy debonnaire
Of that pure love of life that a débutante feels,
With her dance programme filled, and ten men at her
heels.

The future, what 's in it to fret such as they?
They laugh at the future who live but a day.
I 've a feeling of what, if I could, I would write;
As effortless, joyous, 't would be, and as bright
As the flight of those dragon-flies over the stream;
Now to this it would turn, now to that, with a gleam,
As it turned, of a wit that should sparkle and flash.
But all my fond hopes tumble down with a crash.
One comparison only my lay dares invite,
As they live but a day, it will live but a night.
And I fear, ere I come to the end of my song,
You will find even that a good deal too long.
As I stand and look down these long rows of tables
And try from a scanty collection of fables
To find one that fits all my auditors here,
I own my heart sinks with a justified fear.
Just think, here are Freshmen and Sophs, too, to boot,
The sternest of critics, the hardest to suit,
While a patriarch sage with the wisdom of years
Here and there 'midst the gathering of youngsters appears.
How shall I find words that shall reach to them all?
To bench, bar and pulpit alike, and recall
Our Fraternity's spell, that loyal devotion,
That comradeship tinged with a deeper emotion,

That love we have felt in the years that are past,
The love that has lasted, and always will last?
Yes, if for to-night I could hold in my hand
Oblivion's merciful, merciless wand,
I would touch each in turn till its charm should erase
The work of the years that have passed; not a trace
Of the labor of camp or of court should remain,
But just the pure Zete, fresh from college again.
Into the tired brain of the judge there should steal
That contempt of the court which the rest of us feel
When a case goes against us; with sighs of relief
The lawyer forget that misnomer, the "brief";
Our preachers should drop all their isms and ologies,
Their comments, concordances, essays, apologies;
The merchant should look on both debtor and creditor
With the same benign smile, the over-worked editor
For an hour should forget his monotonous grind,
Nor strive new sensations or scandals to find.
The professor should cease digging after the roots
Of quadratics or Greek verbs; for once let the fruits
Of that old tree of knowledge, that brought us such woe,
Stay unplucked on the bough, let them wither or no,
And instead let us turn, with a new sharpened knife,
To gather the fruit of that other tree—Life.
Yes, all should dispense with such sheer superfluities,
And the wisdom that years bring, unwelcome annuities;
So that here we should have, not just a mere hall full
Of men of whose deeds I might write this poor scrawl
full—

No, not that, but just this,—and Echo repeats
"What more do you want?"—just a room full of Zetes!
I've told what I wanted to do, if I could,
But as I read over, in critical mood,
My wishes, I feel just a little ashamed

At taking as much on myself as I 've claimed.
Quite unneeded is all the labored array
Of rhyme and of rhetoric, pomp and display.
Just a song that begins, "We pledge thee to-night,"
A grip that we know, a badge that shines bright
On each breast, a motto, Tau, Kappa and Phi,
What more do we need time's power to defy?
Yes, these are enough to make equals of all,
And when our Fraternity's pledge we recall,
Each heart, full of thoughts that are sacred and tender,
To the sway of remembrance and love will surrender,
Naught common to mar, but with swelling emotion
That pledge we renew, with undying devotion,
And with hearts all aflame and with glasses on high,
Our service we offer to dear Zeta Psi.

WILLIAM H. EDDY, Epsilon, '92.

A SONG TO OUR SOVEREIGN

Read before the Grand Chapter Convention,
Toronto, January 5, 1895

O for one breath of mighty inspiration,
To sing thy praises, Sovereign Zeta Psi!
Whose magic bonds bind nation unto nation,
And fill all hearts with peace and amity.
Honor's bright crest flames on thy bloodless shield,
And love's devotion to thy name we yield.

Thou writest history with a golden pen,
And in thy past's pure mirror we discern
An image of thy future; grant us, then,
Forever may thy golden years return,

And may the sharers of thy sacred name
Preserve forever thy inviolate fame.

We bear a holier trust than those who hold
Allegiance to some earthly lord's behest;
Our Sovereign Lady's subjects are enrolled
Above the turmoils of this mortal quest.
Nor heed we in our fellowship of life
The grating discords of the world's harsh strife.

Thy throne is built upon the magic years
That rob thee not of thy perpetual youth;
For thou art lovely, and thy fair face wears
The quenchless radiance of eternal Truth;
Death cannot harm thee, nor disaster bow,
For Immortality is on thy brow.

Thy smile is a fair light wherein we move,
The voice upon thy lips in music parts,
Thy watchword is the sacred name of Love,
Inscribed in golden letters on our hearts;
And fealty fairer than this earth has known
Binds us in loyal thralldom to thy throne.

Thy bonds are not a tyrant's bonds; thy chains
Gall not the happy soul that bears them.
Love's fetters are they, whose soft clasp detains
In happy servitude the heart that wears them.
When most we serve thee are we only free,
For in thy bondage is our Liberty!

Then pass from hand to hand the rosy wine,
 And drink the nectar to our radiant Queen;
 Forever may her gathering glories shine
 On years as stainless as her past have been.
 Drink, brothers! for this proud earth cannot boast
 A purer purpose in a nobler toast.

OSCAR PELHAM EDGAR, Theta Xi, '92.

ON HEARING THE MU CHAPTER WHISTLE



Clear and sweet,
 Over the roar and the rumble of traffic,
 Over the noise of the tireless feet,
 I hear the notes of the Chapter whistle
 Through the crowd of a city street.

Presto, change!
 Magically fading, the big blocks vanish,
 Crowds disperse and a long low range
 Of redwood hills to the west rise guarding
 A land where no path is strange.

Ah! the note
 Bubbling out of the glad young grasses,
 Voice of the spring in the meadow-lark's throat,
 While over and through, from the sad-toned chapel
 The strokes of the hours float.

Faint and gone;
All is loud with the world's endeavor,
Deaf to the call, save I, alone,
Who find a hand in the crowd of strangers
And know that a love lives on!

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD, Mu, '95.

STAR OF MY YOUTH

O, star of my youth and the fairest of all,
With a lustre outshining the day,
Zeta Psi! Lo, thy children shall faint not nor fall
If thy beams but illumine the way.
From far have we come here thy praises to sing,
Yet we stand but as one in thy sight,
And around thee the song of our praises shall ring,
To scatter the shadows of night.

Youth, manhood, and age, here together we stand,
With hands and with hearts that are one,
Hearts beating for thee and firm hand clasping hand
Until friendship with life shall be done;
And so at the end, when our last song is sung,
And we draw near the shadowy bourne,
May the mem'ries of thee, when our hearts still were
young,
Dawn fair on the glorious morn!

CHARLES EDWARD THOMAS, Eta (Yale), '97.

THE JUBILEE OF THE
STEIN SONG

Written for the third annual banquet of the Alpha Beta
Chapter, February 7, 1902

I

We are Zetes all bound together
By fraternal ties so true,
And in fair or stormy weather
We do as all good Zetes should do,
Cast away care and worry,
Forget life's haste and hurry;
Still find time for application
To our college work so dear? ? ? ?
But when tasks are completed
And round the festive board we 're seated,
How the house resounds with laughter,
Right good fellowship and cheer!

II

Through all trials and tribulations
With Zete fortitude we pass,
Life is not all jollification,
When unprepared we go to class.
What care we then for chiding,
Behind the clouds the sun is hiding,
As to "Profs" we 're coinciding,
They 're but types of "strenuous life."
But exams soon are ended,
For degrees we are recommended,
And our hearts with joy expanded,
As we praise our Zeta Psi.

WM. H. CARD, Alpha Beta, 1901.

IN MEMORIAM

PAUL S. ELLIS, Mu, '97: died December 28, 1894
The first break in the Mu Chapter

First broken link of that dear chain,
That circling binds us heart to heart,
Time only dulls, not heals, our pain,
To know we may not mend again
The links that fall apart.

You, who have been the first to die,
Are not all dead to us who grieve,
You loved in true Tau Kappa Phi,
This fills for us in Zeta Psi
The memory you leave.

And when we grasp in ancient form
The hands that make that broken chain,
From that sweet stillness after storm,
Your hand still gives a pressure warm,
And makes it whole again!

CHARLES KELLOGG FIELD, Mu, '95.

CHI'S FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

Read at the Semi-Centennial of the Chi Chapter,
Waterville, Me., June 26, 1900

I

Sometimes when the outlook is blue,
When the sun seems to fade from the heavens,
When the false wears the face of the true,
And life is at sixes and sevens,

When hope's lovely evergreens die,
When Fortune's fine favors we miss—
Ah, then we are tempted to sigh
For a world that is better than this.

When maidens ineffably fair
Our hearts have tremendously smitten,
And they give us the stoniest stare
And a small but significant mitten;
When in Wall Street we are forced to the wall,
And—lamblike—are shaved to the bone—
Then, over our wormwood and gall,
For a world that is better we groan.

But O, on this halcyon night,
As we sit in the lap of our mother,
As our pulses beat high with delight,
And we fondly embrace one another;
As the bell in the belfry of Chi
Peals proudly with clarion tongue,
Proclaiming to earth, sea, and sky
That to-day she is fifty years young—

Then the world that is better than this
Recedes like a splendid chimera,
We love it not less, but the bliss
Of the world that 's *in esse* is dearer;
The beautiful bird in the hand
Has a plumage so charming the eye,
Not a bird in the bush can command
The homage we lavish on Chi.

II

Whene'er I see a mill-wheel whirling around with much
 ado,
As its cheery song of Labor rings some happy valley
 through,
While I pause to look and listen comes a proverb to my
 mind,
Which runs that with the water passed the mill will never
 grind.

But the proverb is fallacious; standing on the shore of
 time
Is a mill whose voice enthralls us like a tender vesper
 chime;
'T is the mill of Retrospection, and to-night it 's grinding
 fast
As it evermore is grinding—with the water that is passed.

O wondrous mill of Memory! we 're moved to smiles and
 tears,
The while you grind the precious grist of half a hundred
 years;
The water that was passed returns with full, with magic
 might,
And like an arrow flies the wheel before our inner sight.

And while the mill is vocal, Zeta Psi 's on every lip,
Every hand with pleasure 's aching from the pressure of
 the grip,
Fond we pluck the four-leaved clover as we 've plucked
 them oft before
In the fields—the true Elysian—on affection's golden
 shore!

As we bend to catch the music, as we note the winnowed
grain,
Grist of trials and of triumphs, here a pleasure, there a
pain,
There must be no strain discordant in our joyous harvest
hymn—
We had best unlearn our learning if it makes the sunshine
dim.

All in vain some pensive brother shall our thoughts pre-
sume to fix,
On the Zeta Psi contingent that 's been ferried o'er the
Styx,
There must be no sad allusion as the mill-stream rushes by
To the comrades who have vanished, to the dead of Zeta
Psi.

For 't is by Faith we 're watching and she shall make it
clear,
Not a man of us is missing, every mother's son is here!
While we greet that glorious goddess and are lingering at
her knee,
We shall hear her proudly murmur, "Not a single
absentee."

Now our vision is beclouded, darkly through a glass we
see,
But could we pierce the mist veils at this hour of jubilee,
We 'd behold them mingling with us, brethren from the
hither shore,
Comrades still, our guardian angels, and alive forever-
more!

Say not they were but are not, such phrases let us scout,
Holding high the ancient standards in this iron age of
doubt;
Say not they were but are not, for beyond the farthest
star
They live the life immortal—say merely that they are!

'T is better to have loved and lost than ne'er to love at
all,
But better still it is to know, whatever may befall,
'That love can never lose its own and so can fate defy,
For love is God and God is life, and death alone shall die!

So Faith's grand inspiration shall our hearts with rapture
fill,
Let us gather strength and courage from the music of
the mill,
From the valley and the shadow we shall turn our eyes
away
To the mountain peaks celestial and the coming perfect
day!

III

His song is sung, the minstrel turns to go,
While memory's mill-stream has the rosy glow
Of some calm river when the day is done,
Whose bosom reddens with the setting sun!
But as he takes his leave, with glistening eye
And ardent wishes for rejoicing Chi,
Lo, wide-eyed fancy on the scene appears
And paints the picture of the coming years.
When the new century whose mighty roar
Already fills our ears, shall be no more—
A hundred years from now, when, gone afar,
Our names the college catalogues shall star,

Who then shall keep thy banner in the sky,
 And firm shall hold thy fort, O Zeta Psi?
 Vain is the query; we can only pray
 That evermore, down to the latest day,
 Her light shall shine and keep her in the van
 Of those who serve the Brotherhood of Man;
 And when that Brotherhood the world shall fill,
 And all the nations work its blessed will—
 Then, then shall dawn the age so long foretold,
 The perfect flower of time, the age of gold!

WILLIAM H. McELROY, Theta, '60.

WHEN CHIVALRY HELD SWAY

I

I 've been thinking—
 I 've been thinking
 How the knights, in days of yore,
 Their glistening armor bore;
 How, in honor's name, they fought
 For the guerdon which they sought;
 I 've been thinking—
 I 've been thinking
 That it was a blessed day
 When Chivalry held sway;
 Age of Glory,
 Rich in story!—
 When Chivalry held sway!

Refrain.

Raise the banner fair of Zeta Psi!
 White and gold, with sunshine let it vie!
 See in glorious blazonry Tau Kappa Phi!
 O raise the flag, and let it wave forever.

II

I 've been thinking
I 've been thinking
That the oath the true knight swore
Now is taken as of yore;
And that, in the heart of youth,
Honor lights the path to truth;
I 've been thinking—
I 've been thinking
That it rules the purest life,
As when knights went forth to strife;
'T is a power
In this hour,
As when Chivalry held sway.

III

I 've been thinking—
I 've been thinking
Of a shrine at which we kneel,
Where we vow each brother's weal;
Where Fraternal Love's behest
Bids us forth in glory's quest.
I 've been thinking—
I 've been thinking,
Did the stroke of royal steel
Fire the heart with purer zeal
In the olden time,
In the golden time,
When Chivalry held sway?

LEO R. LEWIS, Kappa, '87.

ZETA PSI MEMORIES

O, Time, how swiftly thou dost bear
Our precious hours away !
When first I learned Tau Kappa Phi
Seems but as yesterday ;
But, Time, I find no fault with thee,
For still those hours are mine,
Round Zeta Psi, forever fresh,
Delightful memories twine.

When I was but a Freshman young,
To Zeta Psi unknown,
With wond'ring eyes her badge I scanned—
What means each sparkling stone ?
Some hidden bond unites these men
In warmest brotherhood,
Each labors for the others' weal,
They seek the true and good.

It seemed that I must tread alone
For four scholastic years
The college halls, without the grasp,
The kindly word that cheers ;
Of all that secret symbols wore
They seemed to prize most high
Fraternal love, fraternal faith,
Whose pledge was Zeta Psi.

Passed half the year ; this noble band
To each was kind and true,
I wondered what the mystery meant,
And longed to know it, too ;—

Rich blessings be on him who first
The invitation spake
To me to join this brotherhood,
Its binding vows to take!

Leaped then with joy this heart of mine,
It seemed a vision fair—
To bear the name of Zeta Psi,
Her beauteous badge to wear;
If giv'n that blessed boon and taught
Her sacred mystery,
Worthy the gift and trust, I vowed,
I'd ever strive to be.

The days seemed months till came the hour
To seal my happy fate,—
How courage fails when rings the cry,
“Now blind the candidate!”—
“He will not yield,” the laugh goes round,
“Now see, he blindly gropes”;—
But soon the test is o'er and then
I realize my hopes.

What erst was formal grasp is now
A brother's faithful grip,
The hasty nod and word give place
To deeds of fellowship;
By those without, our mystic ties
Cannot be understood,
Nor can they know the friendship true
Born of our brotherhood.

High as the stars the lofty aim
Which rules each brother's soul,
Eternal are the loving bonds
Which all our hearts control;—
Since first I learned what meanings deep
Lie hid in Zeta Psi,
Tau Kappa Phi has been my toast,
And shall be till I die!

ISRAEL C. PIERSON, Phi, '65.

Written in 1892.

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